HOLLYWOOD Goes MAD

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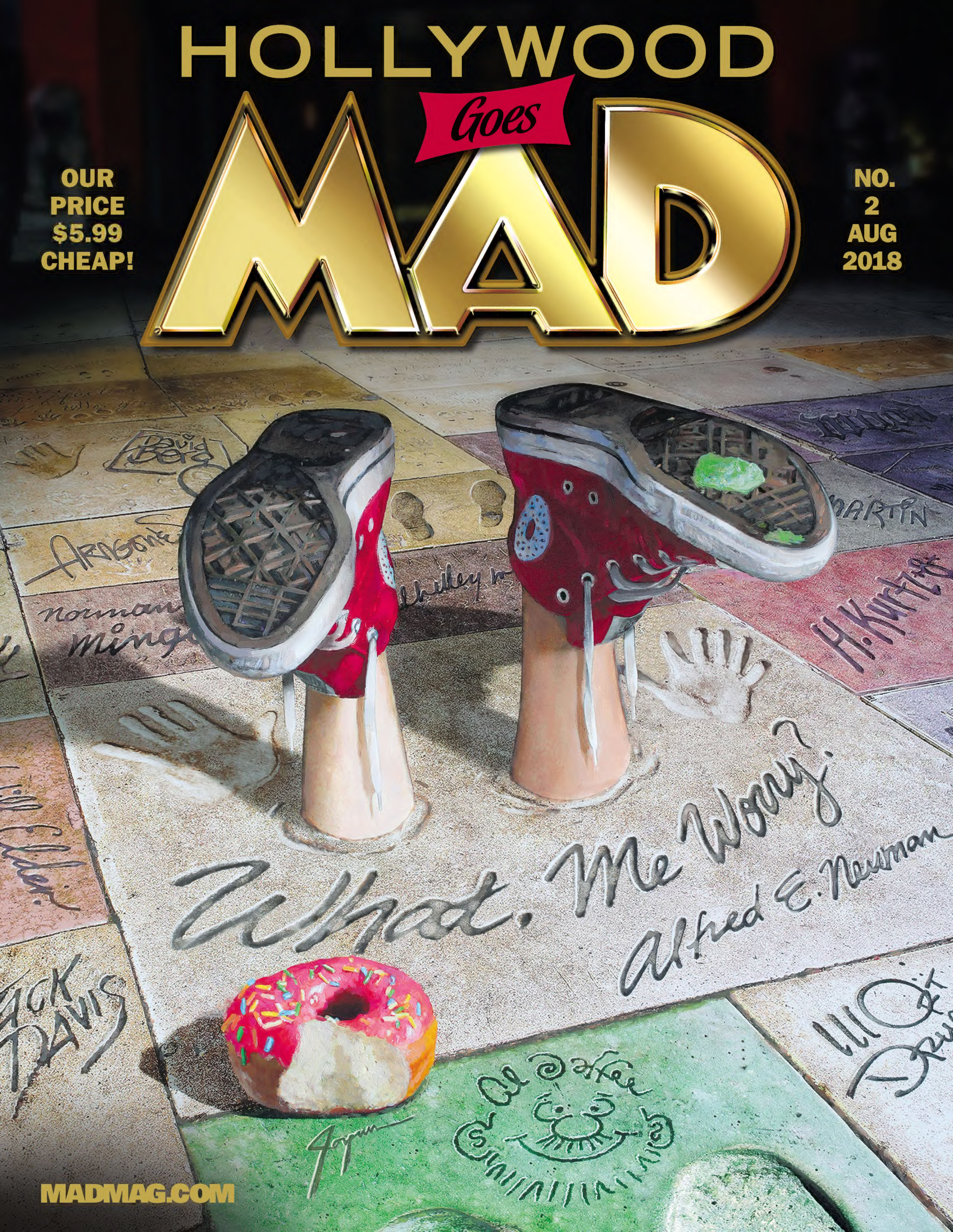
NO. 2 AUG 2018



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JAW'D
THE CALAMITYVILLE HORROR
CROCKWORK LEMON
JURASS-HAS-HAD-IT PARK
THE WRETCHES OF ECCHFLICK
CEASE
THE GIGGLE FATHER
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the violence of the hams
Flashdance
THE ECCHORCIST
FLOPEYE
FOR HER Feeble ATTRACTION
THIGHS ONLY
TOP GUNK
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HENNA AND HER SICKOS
Three Morons and a Baby

MAD

NO. 2 AUGUST 2018

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THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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BACK COVER The Behemoth Battery That Would Not Charge!
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ALFRED OSCAR STATUE Tom Richmond
COVER ARTIST Eric Joyner

15 MINUTES OF SHAME DEPT.

You've likely seen the stars on the sidewalks of Tinseltown boasting unfamiliar names of yore. But even some of the shiny new ones might make you stop and scratch your head. Luckily, we got the lowdown on these over(rated) achievers so you can know on whom you stand...

LESSER KNOWN STARS ON THE HOLLYWOOD WALK OF FAME

GIL TURPIN
CAMERA OPERATOR (1)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Only man in Hollywood to not have been accused of sexually harassing anyone, though he once got hammered and wandered naked onto the set of *Fox & Friends*.

EDGAR FORTUNATO
PUBLICIST (2)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Invented **Fish-boned.com**, a porn site for women who loved *The Shape of Water*.

SUSAN KIRKBAUM
SCRIPT CONSULTANT (3)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Had the idea of adding ***Police Academy 4*** jokes, ***Revenge of the Nerds*** storylines, and ***Real Housewives of Orange County*** character descriptions to Lifetime movie scripts to create the ***Bad Moms*** franchise.

ROBERTA REVVIE
MOVIE FRANCHISE CONSULTANT (4)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Pitted Sarah Jessica Parker against Kim Cattrall to prevent a third ***Sex and the City*** movie. Also spared the public from ***Pirates of the Caribbean: Fire Island Swordfight*** and ***The Fast and the Furious: Skid Mark Alley***.

WHITNEY BLEDSOE
ACTRESS (5)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Esteemed unionized seat-filler at all Hollywood awards shows and criminal trials.

KURT ANGELWOOD
ACTOR (6)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Once parked a Hummer without taking up more than one parking space. Also once gave a hummer to a parking attendant.

ARTHUR MACKLIN
PRODUCER (7)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Introduced reality TV to America with the short-lived series ***Bad Behavior House***, throwing hundreds of writers into unemployment. This freed up studio money for more important expenditures, like spa retreats for executives (who prefer massages the way they prefer movies—with happy endings).

TERESA FORSYTHE
ACTRESS (8)

NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Once ordered dessert at Chateau Marmont without first saying "Should we be bad?"

TREVOR SMITHWICK
ACTING COACH (9)

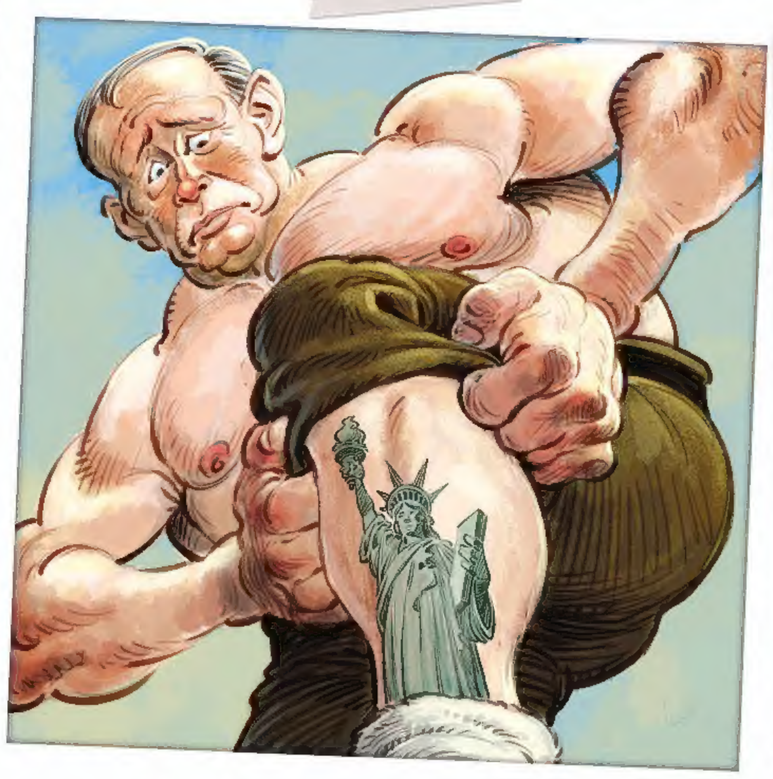
NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Taught Owen Wilson how to say "wow" and showed Robert De Niro how to do that thing with his mouth.

WRITER **KIT LIVELY** ARTIST **ED STECKLEY**

TAT'LL TELL DEPT.

Not every public figure flaunts their body art like Angelina Jolie—and for good reasons (one being not every *body* is like Angelina Jolie's). Some celebs consider their tats too troubling to ever unveil. Well, consider us troublemakers, because we're about to bare these...

EMBARRASSING CELEBRITY TATTOOS



VLADIMIR PUTIN

INKED: THE MOMENT HE FELT THE URGE TO KICK AMERICA'S ASS (AGE 8).

GISELE (A.K.A. MRS. TOM BRADY)

INKED: AFTER THE LAST SUPER BOWL.

DONALD TRUMP

INKED: REFUSES TO DIVULGE (BUT IT'S PARTLY WHY HE'S BUILDING A WALL ON THE MEXICAN BORDER).

JEFF BEZOS

INKED: IN 1994, TO REMEMBER HIS FIRST AMAZON PASSWORD.

MIKE PENCE

INKED: DURING THE ONE REBELLIOUS WEEK OF HIS TEENS.

SELENA GOMEZ

INKED: ONE OF THE TIMES SHE CRAWLED BACK TO JUSTIN BIEBER.

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **GIDEON KENDALL**

MATINEE IDLERS DEPT.

XANDER AND KAM'S SNEAKY PREVIEWS

Hey, guys! I'm **Xander**, this is my best friend **Kam**, and you're watching...

Kam is short for **Kamaljit**, and film is **my life!** We're using this 16:9 **widescreen** mirror for our establishing shot.

FOR A GOOD TIME DON'T CALL ALFRED @555-1

MY PRONOUN IS THEY MY VERB IS LIVE

REC

WRITER **IAN BOOTHBY** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

Today we're gonna give you a **sneak preview** of the top movies of the summer!

Because we're going to **sneak** into **all** of them!

You're going to **what?!!** Hey now, there'll be no theater-hopping on **my** watch!

Important financial tip for film buffs: If you don't have money for more than one movie, **learn to run!**

Hey! Get back he--

AAAAH!! My **Jujubes!**

ZZZZIP!

The theme for this summer is **prequels, sequels, and re-quels!** And so, as a tribute, I just ingested a substance that sometimes gives me **flashbacks!**

2

BE COURTEOUS PLEASE SILENCE YOUR CELL PHONE JACKASS! THANK YOU!

Our first film is ***The Incredibles 2***, which tackles the issue of a stay-at-home father's role in a superhero family.

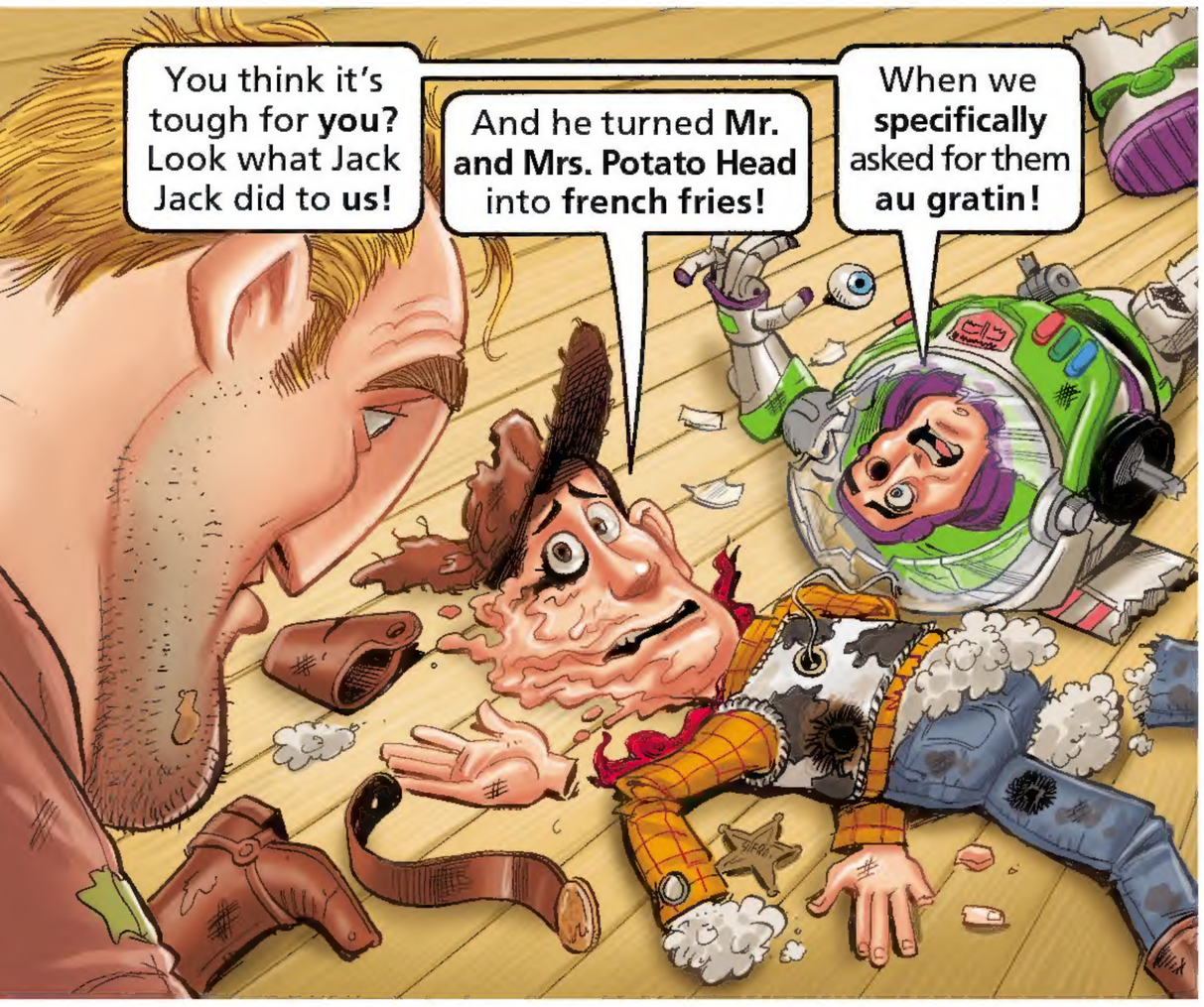
Jack Jack, you've got **lava-puking powers!**

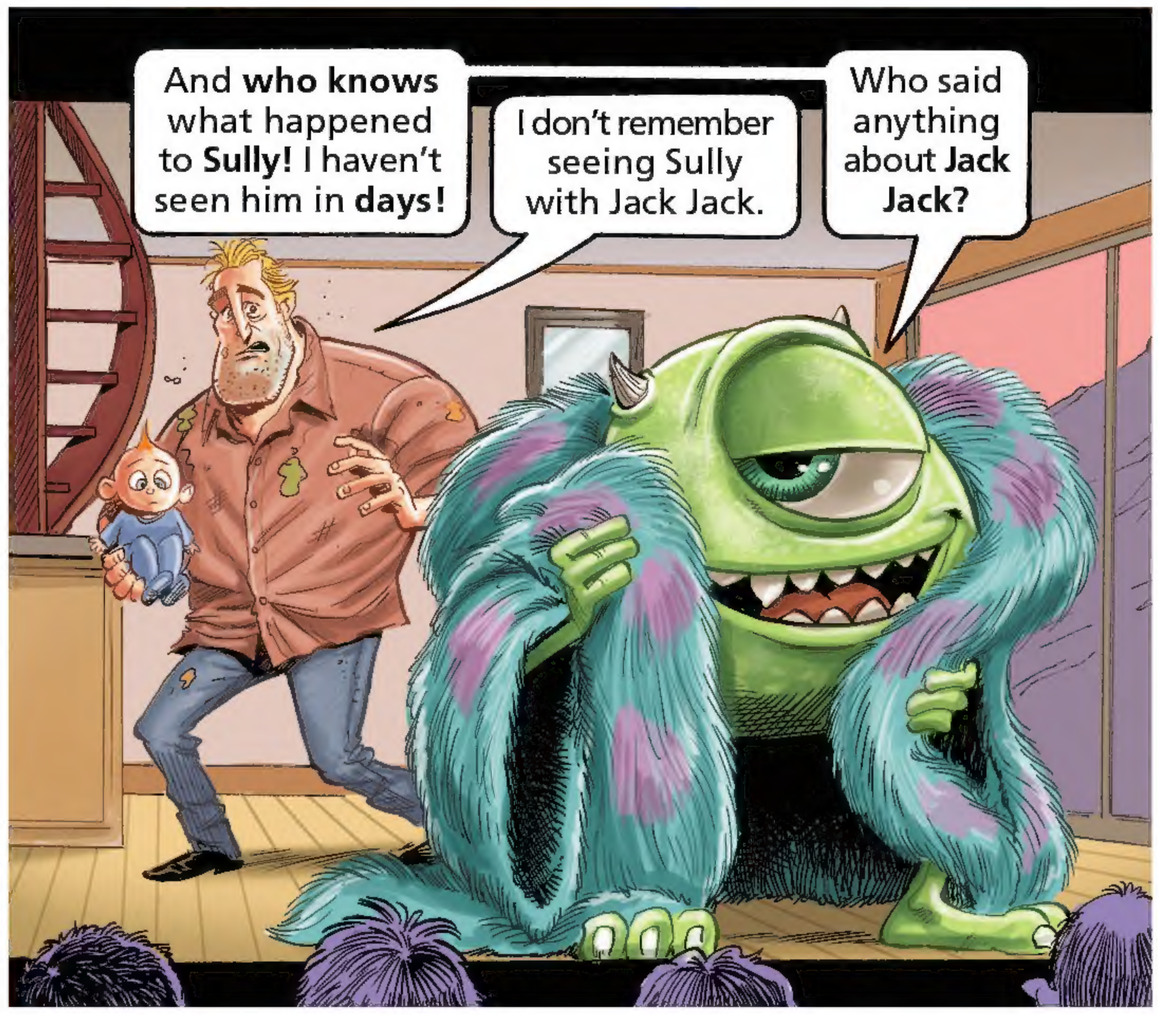
And **wow**, you must **really** hate ***Boss Baby*!!** Remind me not to read ***Goodnight Batcave*** to you!

The Boss Baby

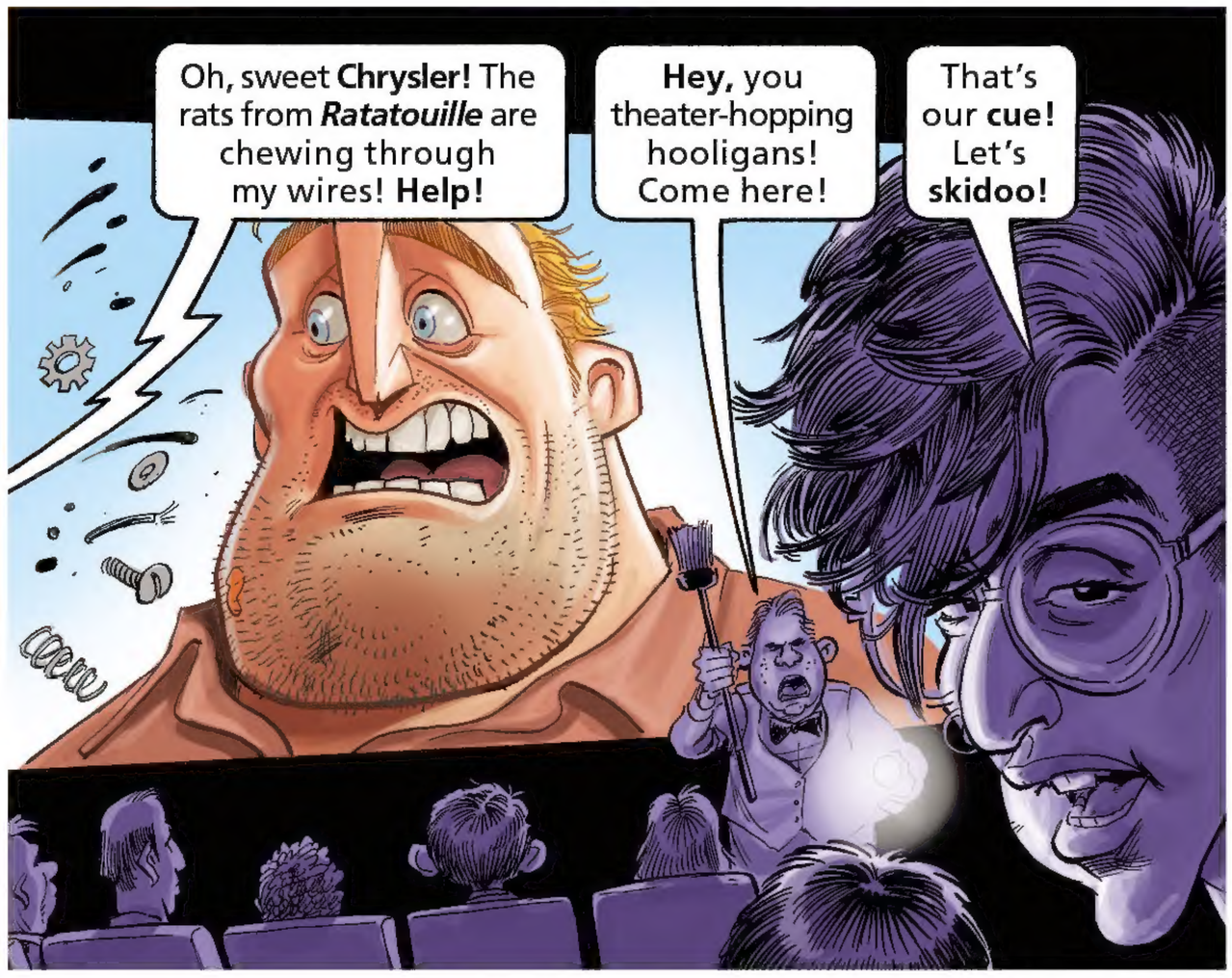
AH-HA-HA! PEE-PEE!
YAAAH! I knew it was **dangerous** to change a boy baby's diaper, but **demonic acid pee** takes it to a whole new level!
FSSSSSS!

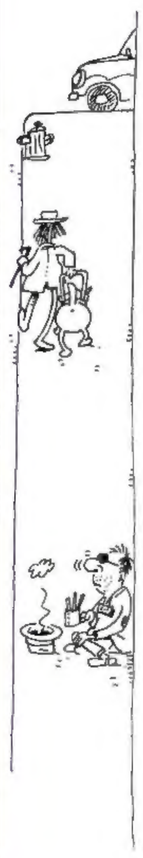
I haven't had time to sleep or bathe in **weeks!** But it's **worth** it to give **Elastigirl** more time to fight crime.
No. No, it's **not.**


You think it's tough for **you?** Look what Jack Jack did to **us!**
And he turned **Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head** into **french fries!**
When we **specifically** asked for them **au gratin!**

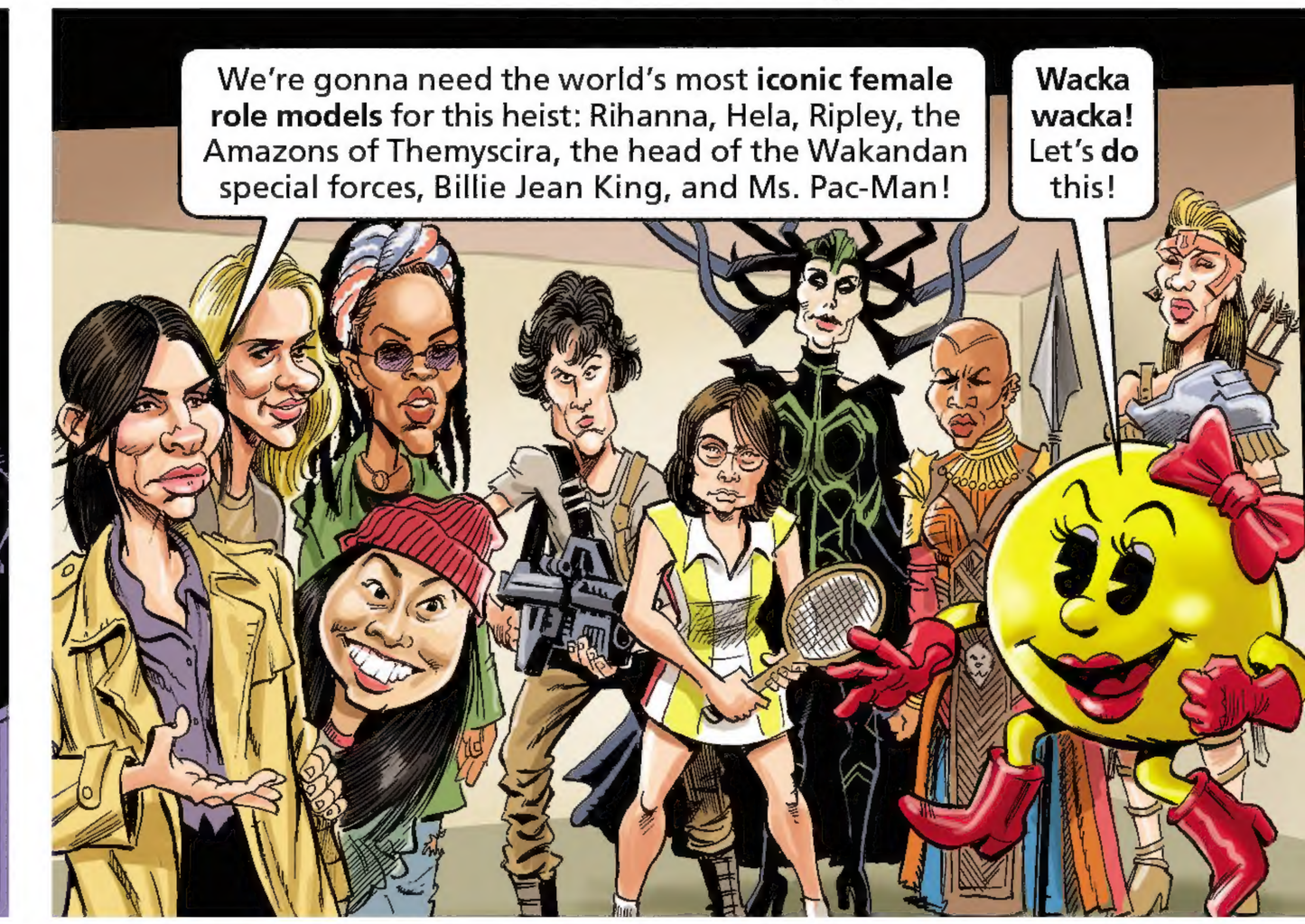

And **who knows** what happened to **Sully!** I haven't seen him in **days!**
I don't remember seeing Sully with Jack Jack.
Who said anything about **Jack Jack?**

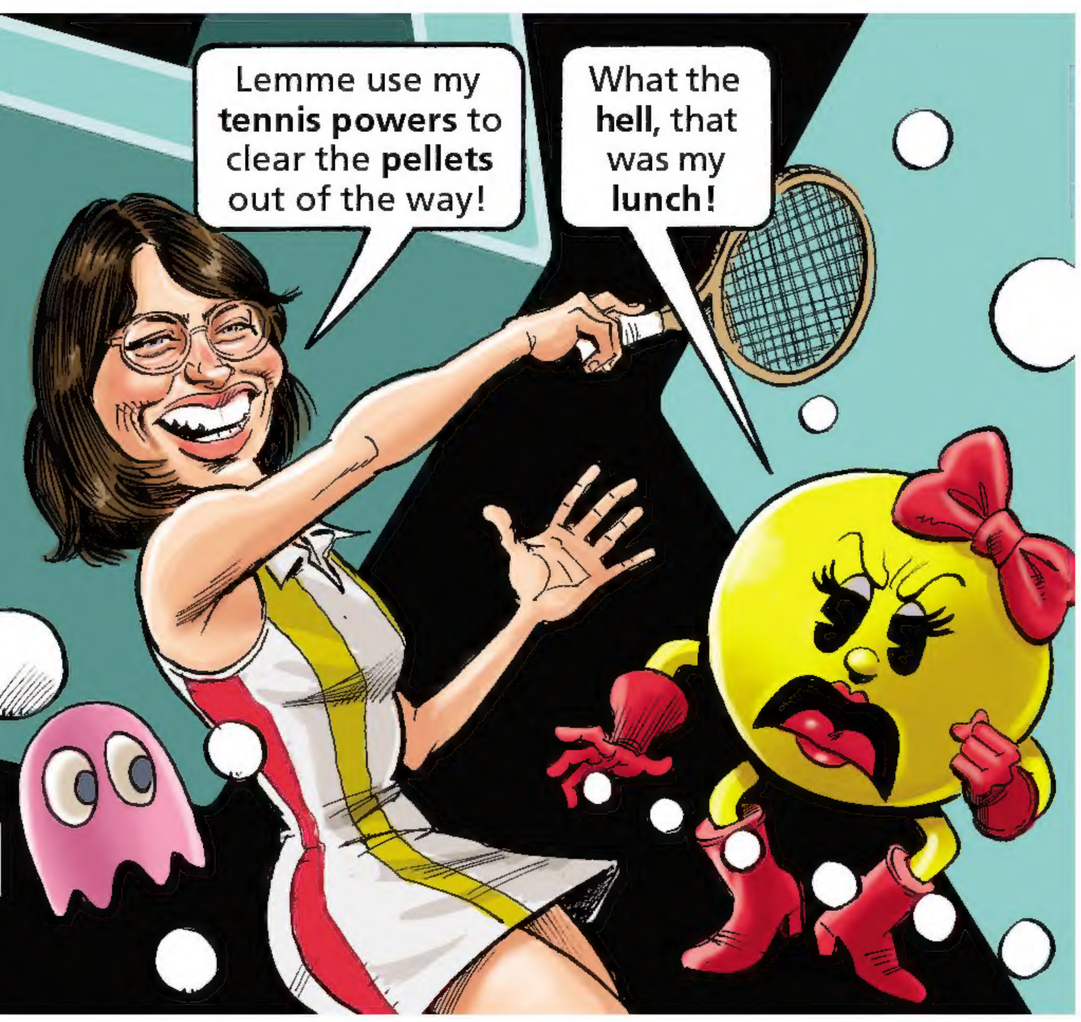
Don't tell me he hurt you, **too!**
Naw, our franchise is just so **successful**, we get to be in **all** the Pixar movies!
Wow. **Good thing,** because we teach kids the importance of driving **fast and reckless!**


Oh, sweet **Chrysler!** The rats from ***Ratatouille*** are chewing through my wires! **Help!**
Hey, you theater-hopping hooligans! Come here!
That's our **cue!** Let's **skidoo!**



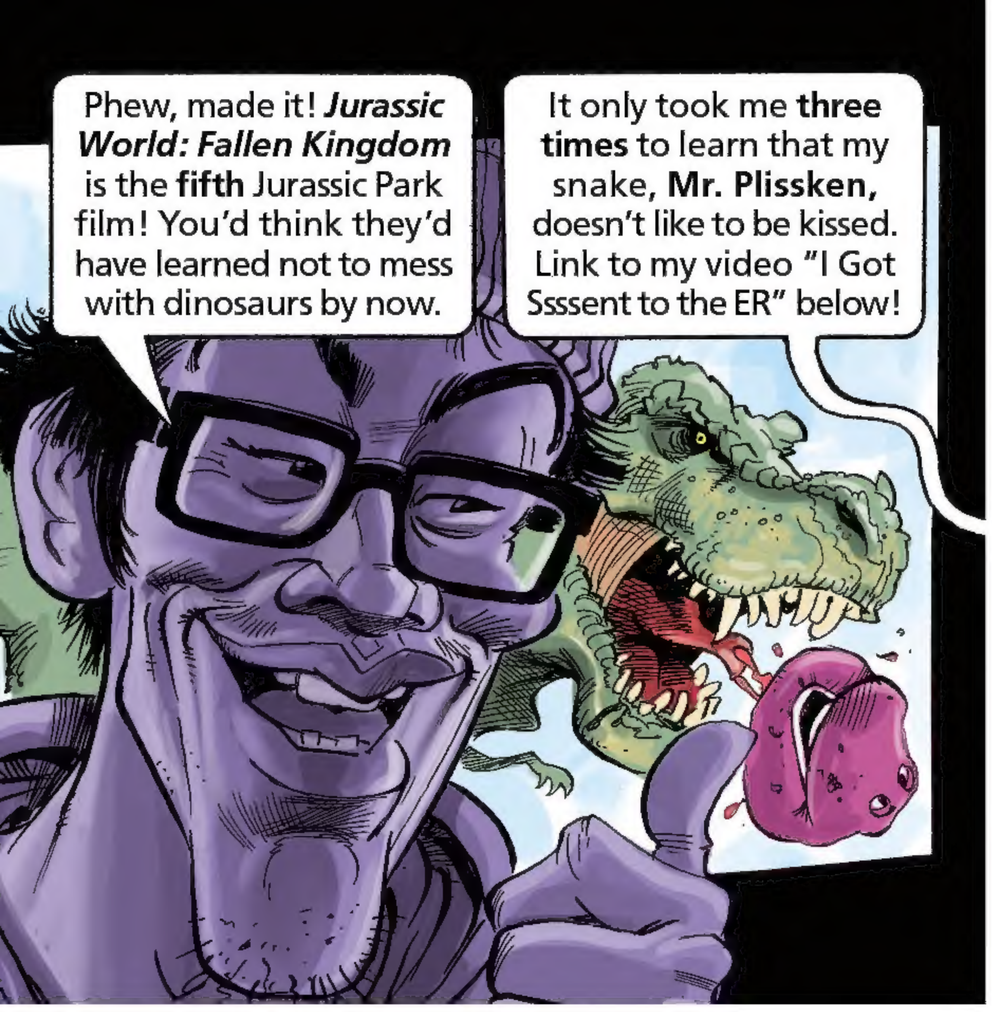
Been looking forward to **this!** It's ***Ocean's Eight,*** a heist movie starring the top women in entertainment!
And if you grant me parole, I **promise** I'll make a better movie than ***Ocean's Twelve*!** I mean, what the hell was **that?**
MY PRONOUN IS


We're gonna need the world's most **iconic female role models** for this heist: Rihanna, Hela, Ripley, the Amazons of Themyscira, the head of the Wakandan special forces, Billie Jean King, and Ms. Pac-Man!
Wacka wacka! Let's **do** this!


Lemme use my **tennis powers** to clear the **pellets** out of the way!
What the **hell**, that was my **lunch!**

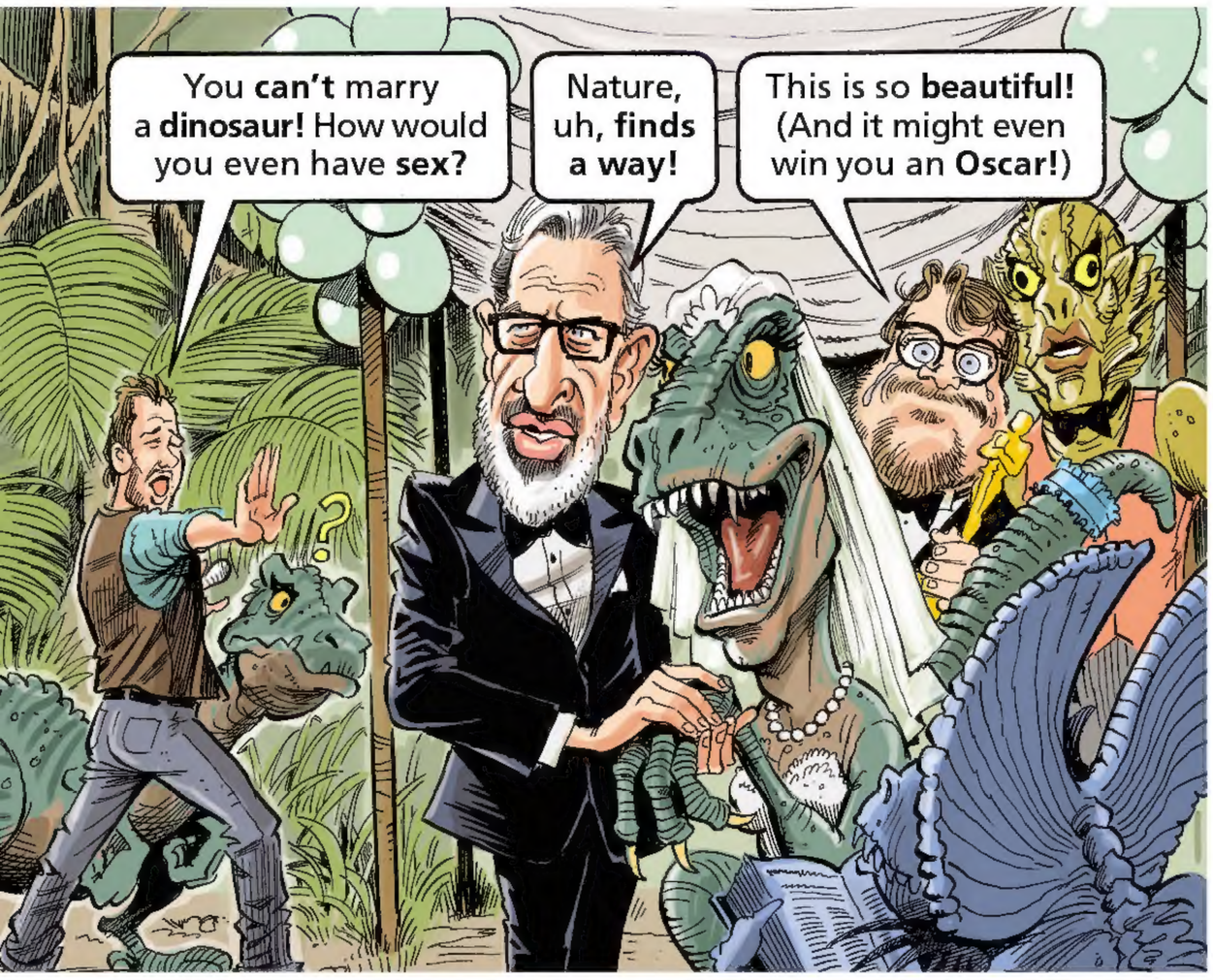
You brought a **bus** for our **getaway** vehicle?!!
It's the only thing I know how to drive!
WHOA
GRAVITY
CRASH
THE BLINDSIDE
BELCH!

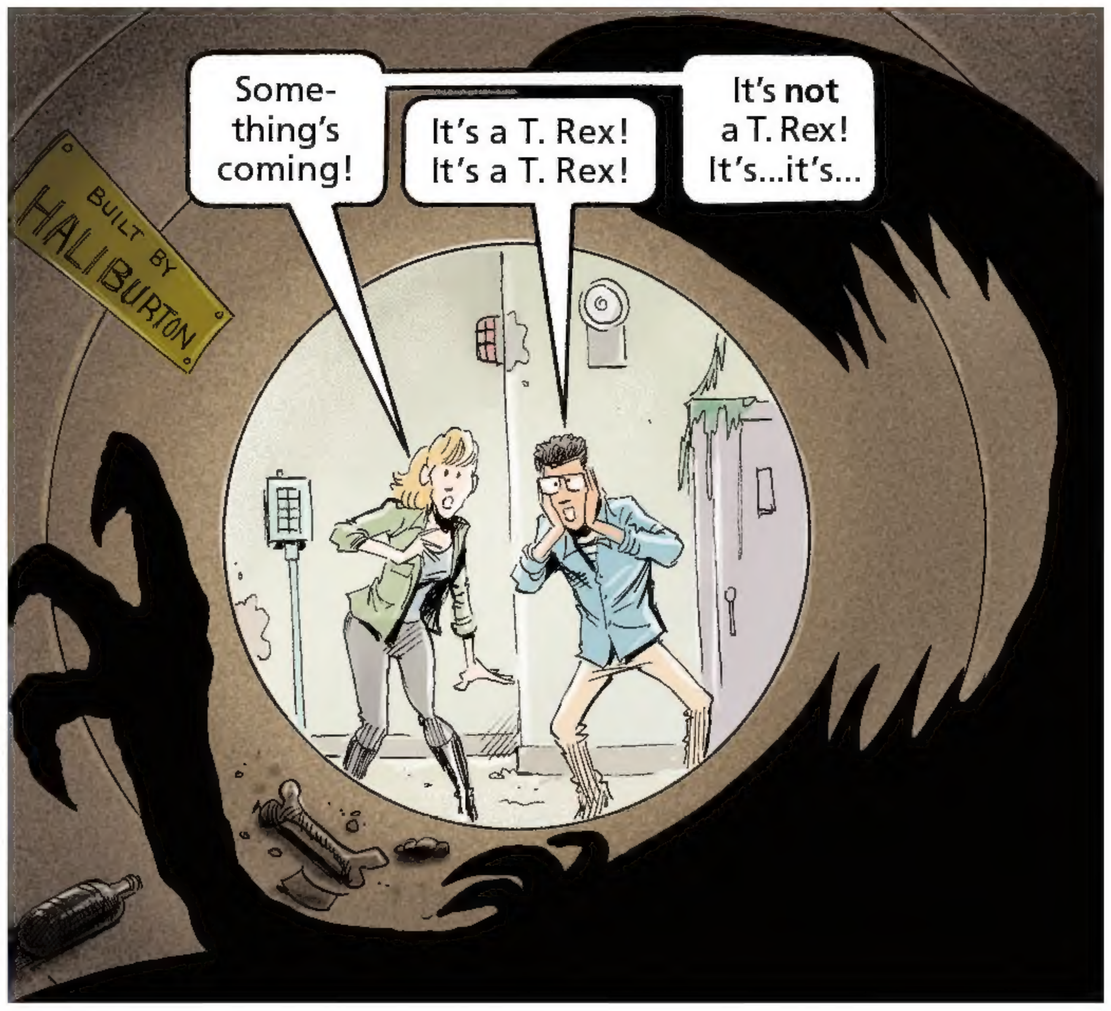
Look, **Clooney,** you made me talk to you in outer space through a **whole movie,** and you weren't even **real!**
C'mon, how about a **spoiler warning?**
We **don't** need your help!
I **know** you don't. But after ***Suburbicon, The Great Wall***, and ***Downsizing,*** Matt Damon really needs a **win!**
You forgot ***We Bought a Zoo*!**
Please **stop!** You're jeopardizing my chance of winning **Employee of the Month,** which comes with a **golden flashlight!**
Sounds **kinky!** Also, **not** my problem!
ACME


Phew, made it! *Jurassic World: Fallen Kingdom* is the **fifth** Jurassic Park film! You'd think they'd have learned not to mess with dinosaurs by now.
It only took me **three times** to learn that my snake, **Mr. Plissken,** doesn't like to be kissed. Link to my video "I Got Ssssent to the ER" below!

I need you to **calm down!** I'm sorry again about the **pull my finger** joke!

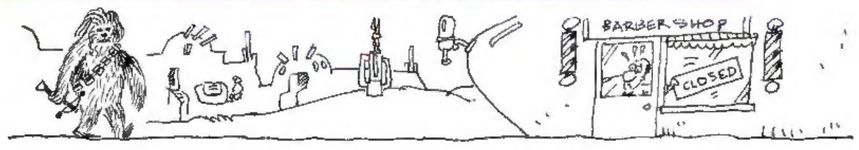
Dr. Malcolm, you **have** to stop what you're doing! It's **way** too **dangerous!**


You **can't** marry a **dinosaur!** How would you even have **sex?**
Nature, uh, **finds a way!**
This is so **beautiful!** (And it might even win you an **Oscar!**)


Built by HALIBURTON
Something's coming!
It's a T. Rex! It's a T. Rex!
It's **not** a T. Rex! It's...it's...

...MS. PAC-MAN?!
WACKA WACKA WACKA WACKA WACKA!

Wow, she must have a **really** great **agent!**
C'mon, ***Han Solo*** is next door!
YEEARG!
EEEEEEEEEE!
BLORCH!


BARBER SHOP
CLOSED

I'm gonna be a **pilot!** Best in the **galaxy!** And one day I'll marry the only woman with a speaking role in the whole universe!

Some people think there are **too many** Star Wars movies. I say **wrong,** they are! **Idiots,** they must be! Here's ***Solo: A Star Wars Story!***

Han, what's up with **Chewbacca?** He's been really **grouchy.**

I had to take him to **the vet** this morning to be... **you know.**

So those new **fuzzy dice...?**

Aren't dice.

Those dice...

So what you're saying is...

Are...

That's right...

Alright, they're his **nuts!** We **get** it!

I might be the **only person** who knows **what** you **really** are.

A **pilot?** Best in the **galaxy?**

No, and stop **saying** that! I was going to guess **scruffy-looking nerf herder.**

Han, **look!** I didn't think they served **his kind** in here.

Hey, guys, it's me, **Harrison Ford.** I meant to land my plane at the **Santa Monica Airport** but crashed on this set.

Would you care for a beer, sir?

Can I get a **shot first?** Get it?

Now I got you!

We aren't the theater-hoppers you're **looking** for?

It's not working, Kam! Set your feet to **lightspeed!**

I think we lost him. **Now** let's get lost in one of my favorites, ***Deadpool 2!*** I just love how he breaks the **fourth wall!**

BLAM!

*#&%#@!

^*#!

BLAM

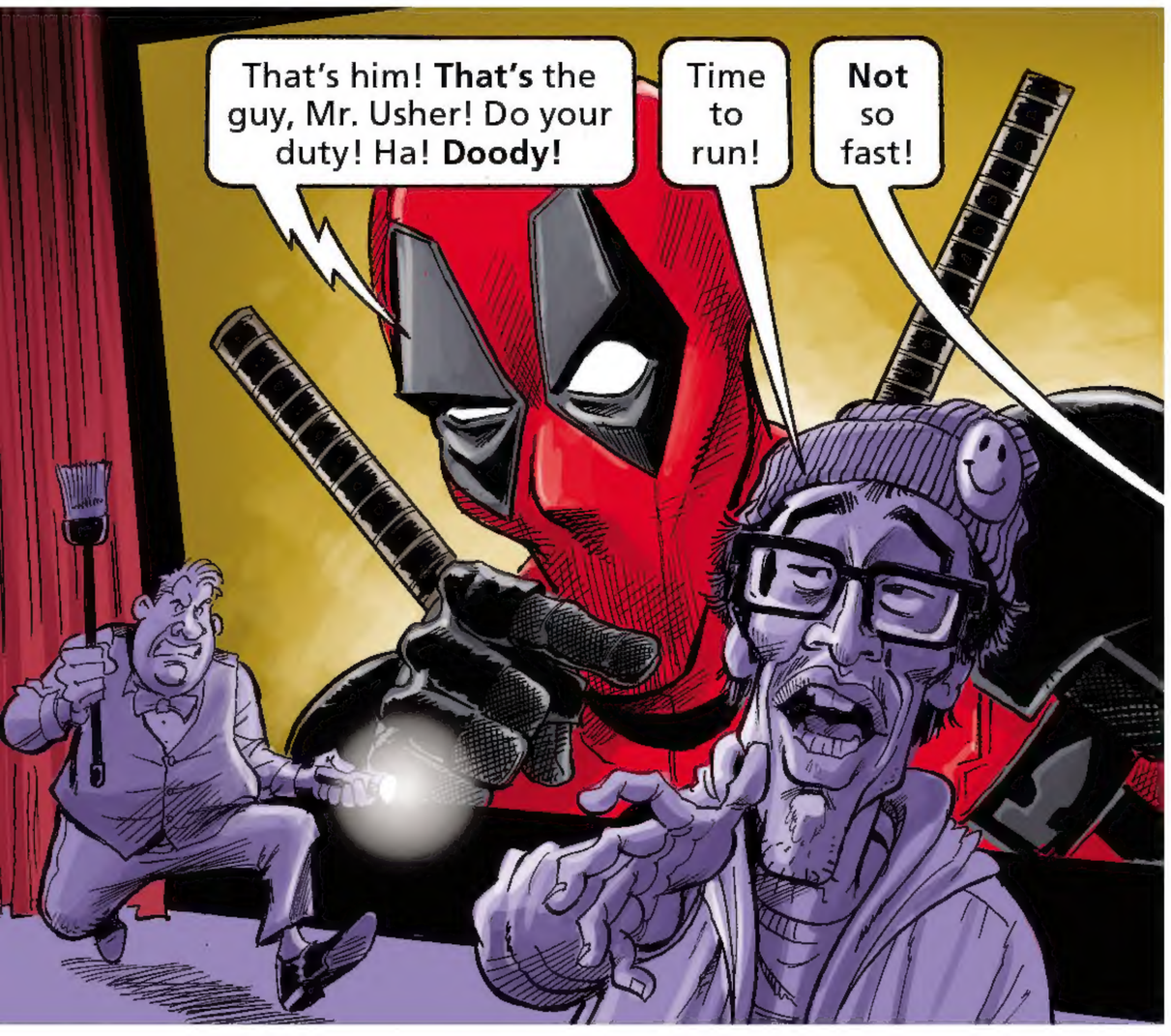
BLAM!

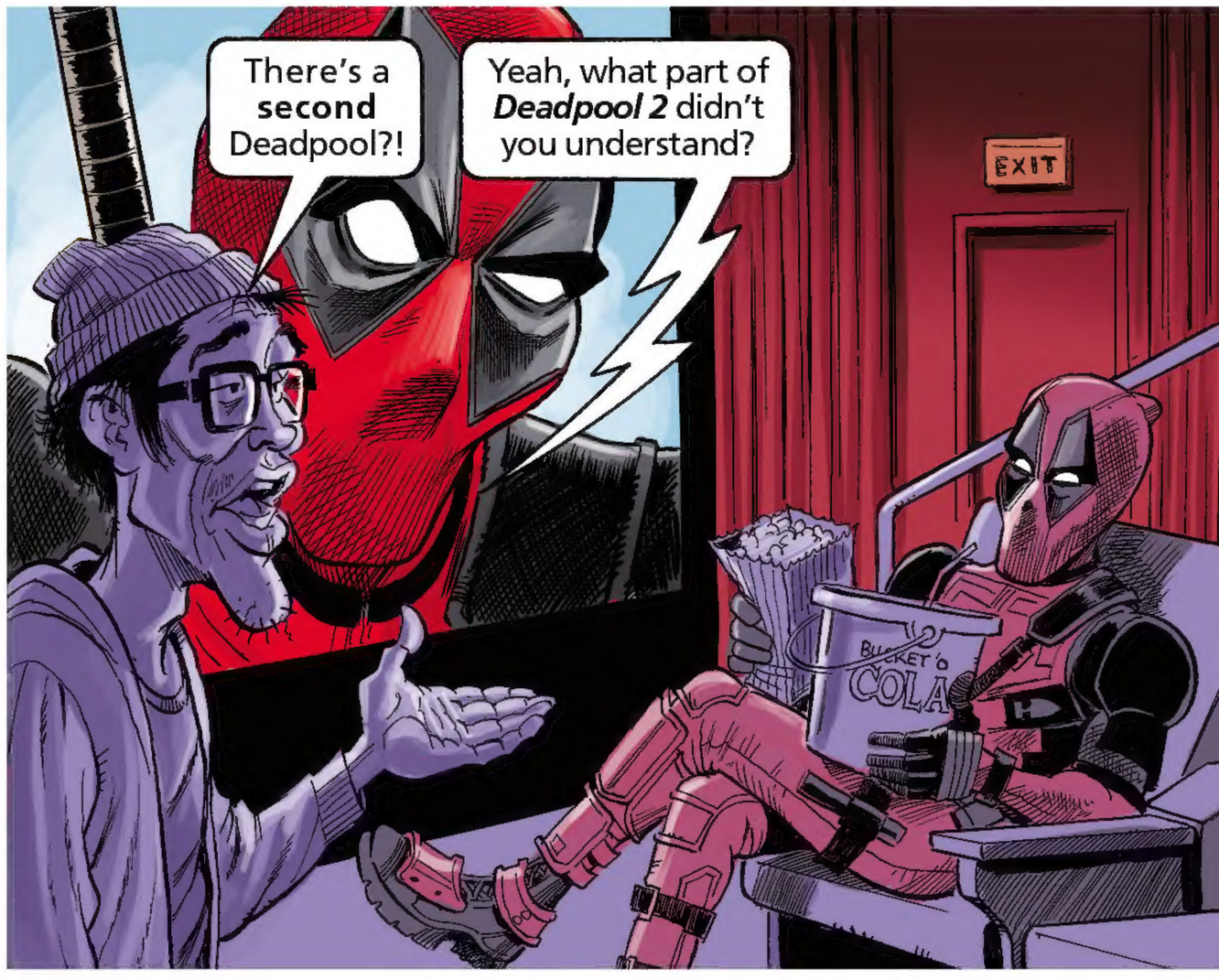
BLAM BLAM

BLAM

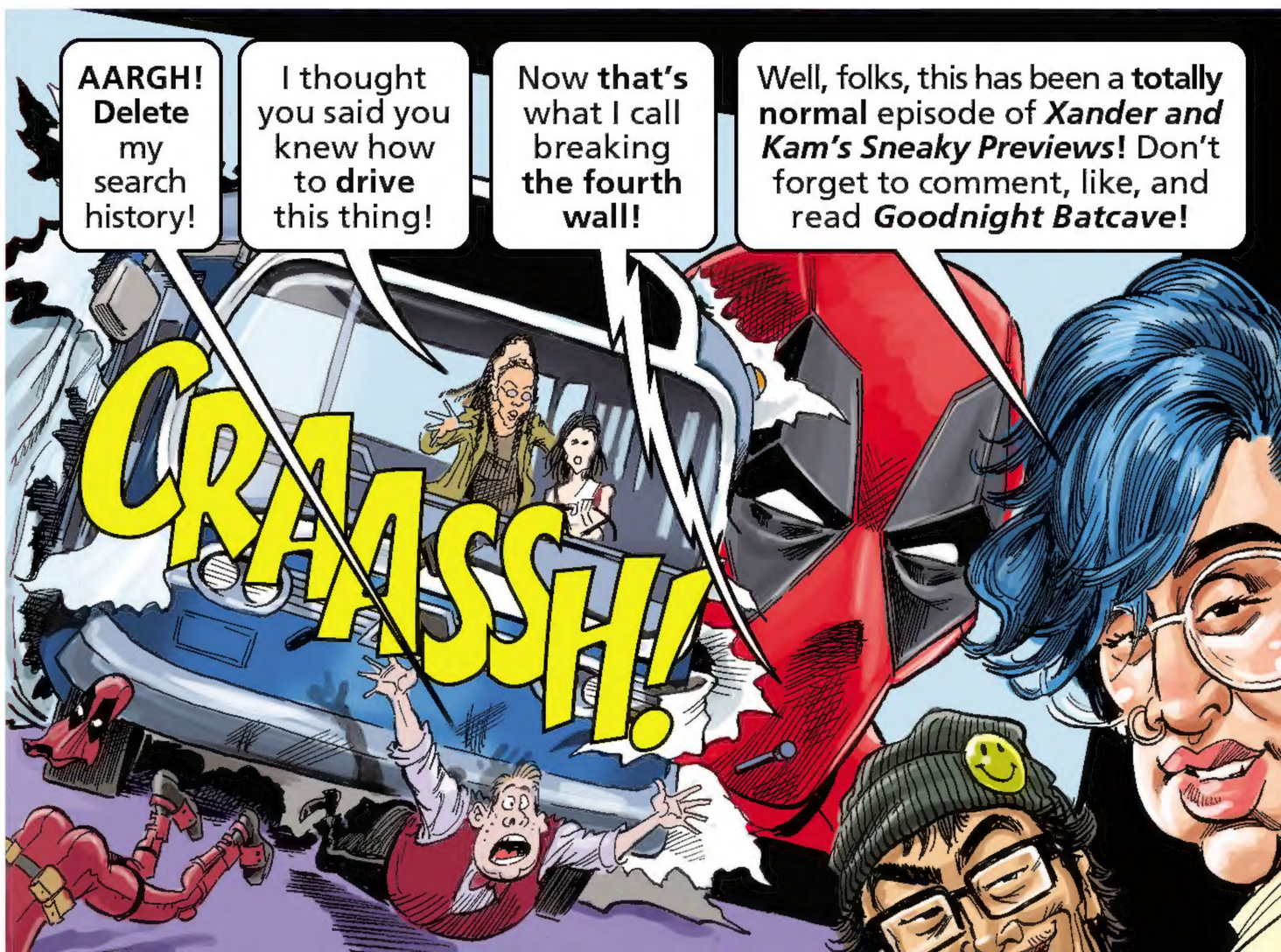
Is somebody **talking** during **my movie?**
You can **see** me?!
What the **hell**?! You're **illegally recording** my movie, **too?** I'm calling the usher!

As **punishment,** I'm not going to do anything **irreverent** until you're gone. Do you realize how many **hardworking** people it takes to **make** a movie like this?
Thirty?
A million?
It was a **rhetorical** question!
Oh, so **you** don't know either?


That's him! **That's** the guy, Mr. Usher! Do your duty! Ha! **Doody!**
Time to run!
Not so fast!


There's a **second** Deadpool?!
Yeah, what part of ***Deadpool 2*** didn't you understand?
EXIT
COLA

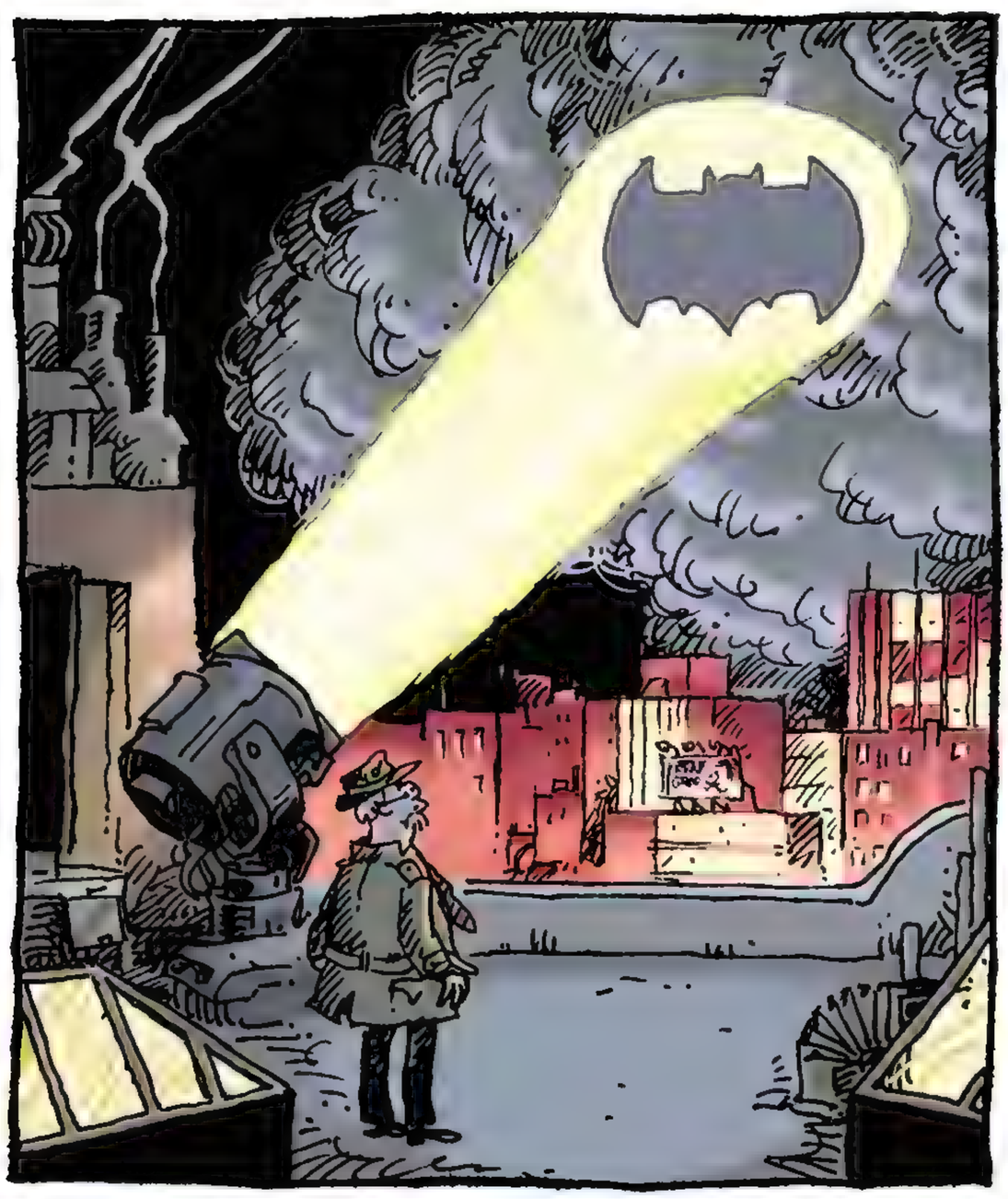
He's kidding! It's **me,** handsome Canadian **Ryan Reynolds.** I come to **every** screening of **every movie** I'm in!
Why would you do **that?**
To help hardworking ushers enforce **good movie manners!** Shall we commence with the **brutal beating?**


AARGH! Delete my search history!
I thought you said you knew how to **drive** this thing!
Now **that's** what I call breaking **the fourth wall!**
Well, folks, this has been a **totally normal** episode of ***Xander and Kam's Sneaky Previews***! Don't forget to comment, like, and read ***Goodnight Batcave***!
CRAASSH!

MOVIE SCENES

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



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PAUL GARBANZO

FOOD CRITIC

WRITER **CHRIS STEVENS** ARTIST **STEPHEN SILVER**

Hi, America! I'm Paul Garbanzo, the world's most respected food critic. What sets me apart from the other guys, you ask? It's simple: I get up before all of 'em! That's right, every morning I wake up at the crack of dawn, brush my teeth for about an hour or two, then I'm out the door to get the scoop on all the hottest new restaurants! Here are just a few of my most recent reviews.

Wendy's

Everyone seems to be buzzing about this place, but honestly? I just don't get the hype. This might sound crazy, but **everything** I ordered here tasted **EXACTLY** like toothpaste. The burger, the nuggets, even the dang sodey pop! I don't know what in the Sam Hell they're doing at Wendy's, but you can count me out! **ZERO STARS**

Jamba Juice

The **mean children** who live across the street from me are always saying that the **juice** here is "ballin'," so I decided to give it a shot. The line was a bit long, so naturally I did what anyone would have done: I brushed my teeth to pass the time. Soon enough I had my hands on my first Jamba Juice, and you're not gonna believe this, but it tasted just like toothpaste! "This isn't ballin'!" I told the cashier. **"What?"** he said. **ZERO Stars**

Dunkin' Donuts

I decided to check this place out one morning before heading to my other job (I dig holes for the Army), and I gotta say, it was a **major letdown.** I must've sat there for a solid three hours sipping the toothpaste-flavored coffee they gave me, wondering just who in the **world** is drinking this stuff. My trance was finally broken when I got a text from my boss that said, "where r u? we need holes!" and I was forced to leave. **Zero STARS**

McDonald's

This place had an indoor playground!

★★★★★ **FIVE STARS!!!**

LET'S HANG DEPT.

THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

HOYDEN
by JIM WOODRING

MAD and I were born within a few weeks of each other in the fall of '52. I became aware of the magazine about 10 years later, after we had both survived tumultuous childhoods and became established nuisances.

I *loved* MAD. In addition to its own inspired crew of artists, MAD introduced me to Bob and Ray, Ernie Kovacs, Stan Freberg, Sid Caesar, and many more exemplars of subversive wit. MAD gave me an identity: subculture insider, connoisseur of great cartooning, unpredictable social factor.

At about the time it began to matter, I realized that there were girls who liked MAD. The most interesting were willfully artistic minxes of the sort who wore leotards, smoked cigarettes, had wild black flowing manes, spoke their chaotic minds, and exhibited a kind of bold, out-of-it chutzpah that made me drunk with admiration.

I had an ideal fantasy version of this girl; a free-spirited, summery, acid-tongued tomboy to whom no fellow was clued-in enough, smart enough, funny enough, or arboreal enough for her to waste her time on...that is, until I came along.

Jim Woodring is the creator of the celebrated FRANK *books. He lives on Vashon Island in Washington State and on* **jimwoodring.com**.

52¢

POTRZEBIE COMICS

ABHORRED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

What the HELL is POTRZEBIE?

Featuring

TROUBLESOME TOT!

TERRIBLE TOURISTS!

TIKI TORCHES!

POTRZEBIE?

POTRZEBIE?

POTRZEBIE?

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING DOWN HERE

SPOTRZEBIE?

ARTIST **BILL MORRISON**

Plus

The Final Installment of **ASSISTED SUICIDE SQUAD!** (Not included in select regional editions of Potrzebie Comics)

INFANT TERRIBLE

EVIL WEARS A ONESIE

BALLS!

CRASH

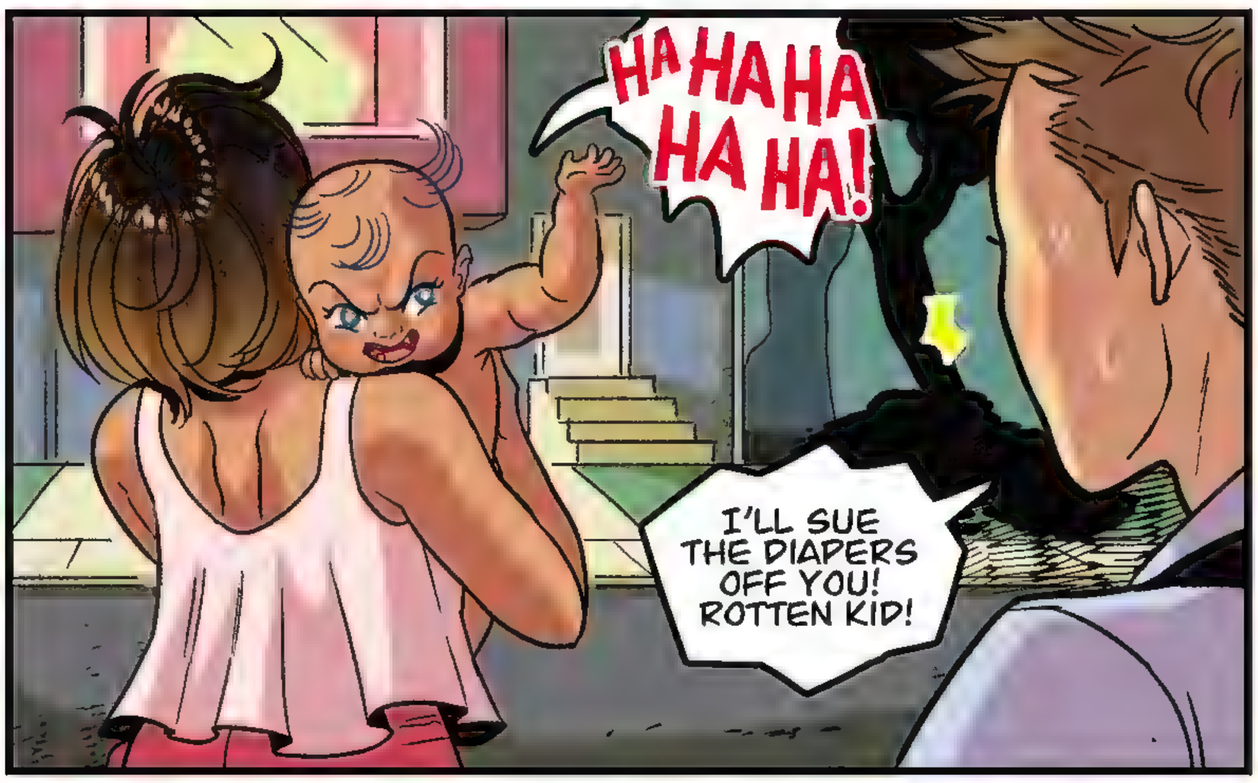
AIEEEE

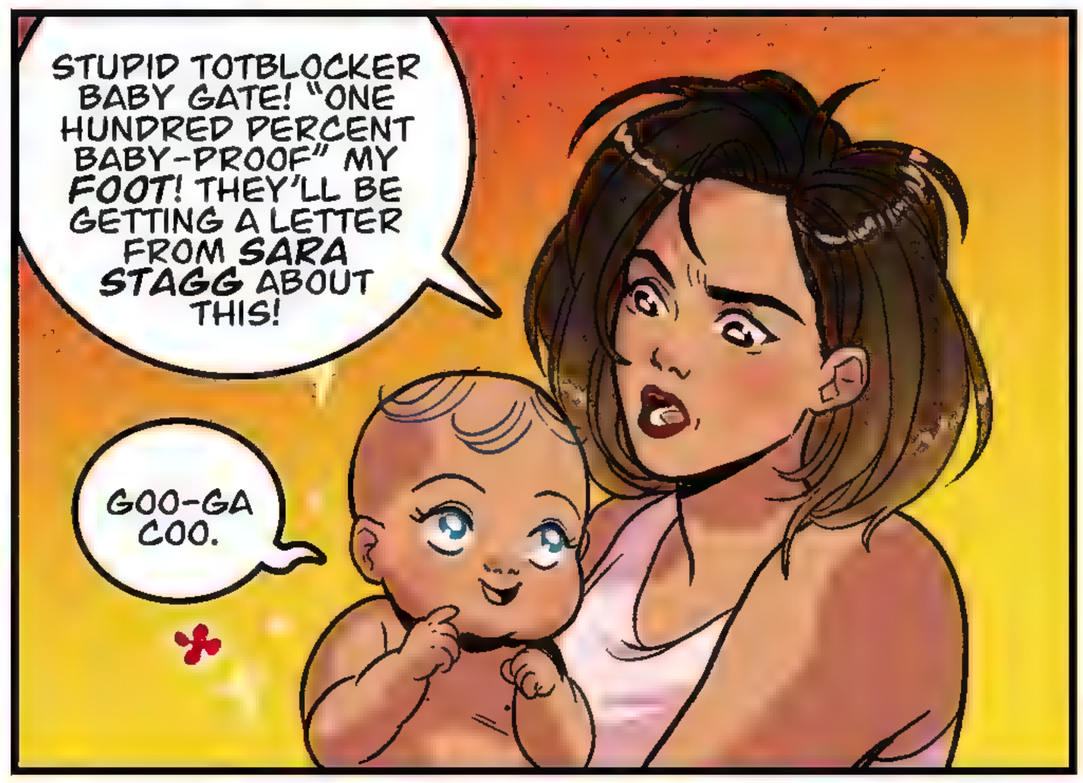
IS THAT...?

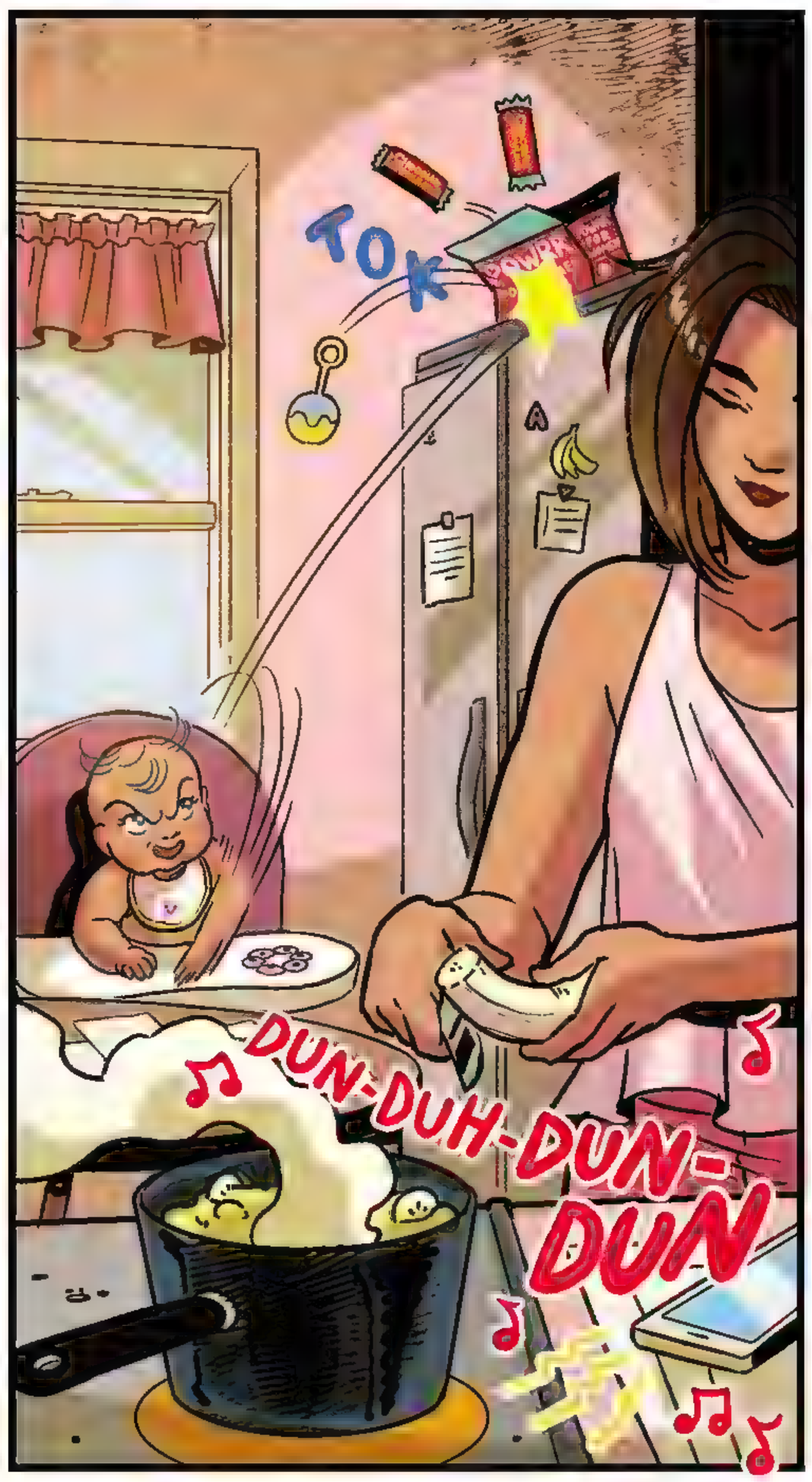
DEZZY!!

WRITERS **PAULA SEVENBERGEN & ALLIE GOERTZ** ARTIST **PAULINA GANUCHEAU**

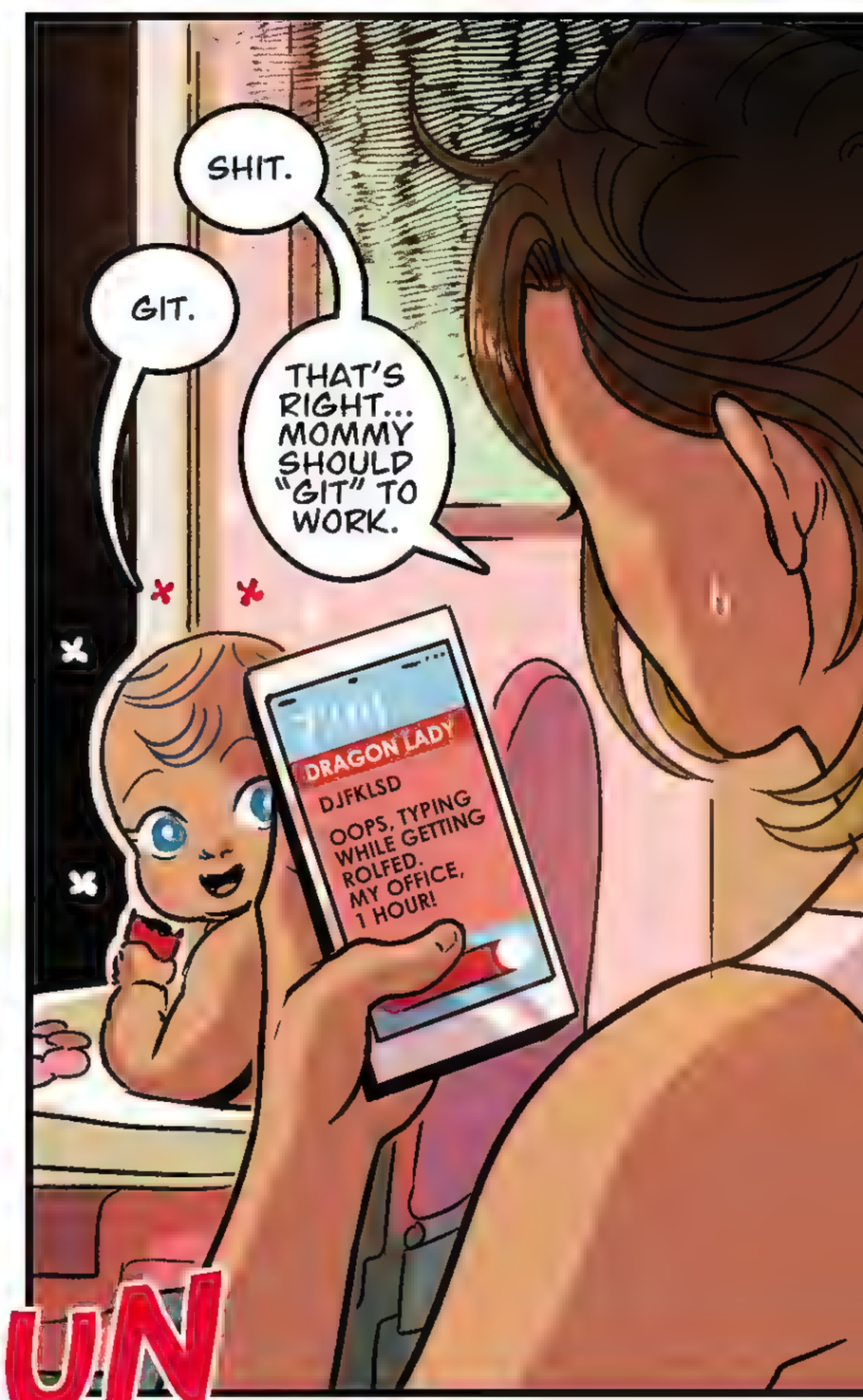
IT WASN'T MY FAULT!
THAT BABY THREW MY CAR!
DID HE SAY A BABY THREW THE CAR? AM I HEARING THINGS AGAIN?
PLEASE!
LAST WEEK HE CLAIMED A SQUIRREL STOLE HIS OMAHA STEAKS.
HIS
HERS
(AND HIS WHEN HE LOSES HIS)


HA HA HA HA HA!
I'LL SUE THE DIAPERS OFF YOU! ROTTEN KID!


STUPID TOTBLOCKER BABY GATE! "ONE HUNDRED PERCENT BABY-PROOF" MY FOOT! THEY'LL BE GETTING A LETTER FROM SARA STAGG ABOUT THIS!
GOO-GA COO.


TOK
DUN-DUH-DUN-DUN

UGH... FORGOT TO PAY THE FERTILITY CLINIC AGAIN.
WISH THEY'D STOP CALLING.
CHOCOLATE ORGASM FLAVOR
DUN-DUH DUN-DUN-DUN


SHIT.
GIT.
THAT'S RIGHT... MOMMY SHOULD "GIT" TO WORK.
DRAGON LADY
DJFKLSD
OOPS, TYPING WHILE GETTING ROLFED. MY OFFICE, 1 HOUR!

YOU CAN'T SHOW THIS PROPOSAL TO THE HIGHER-UPS, SARA.

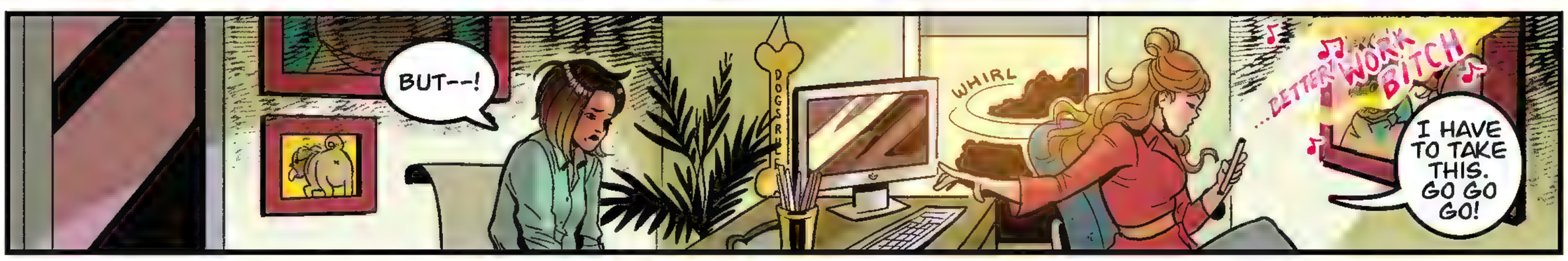
IT'S BORING. THERE'S NO *SPUNK!*

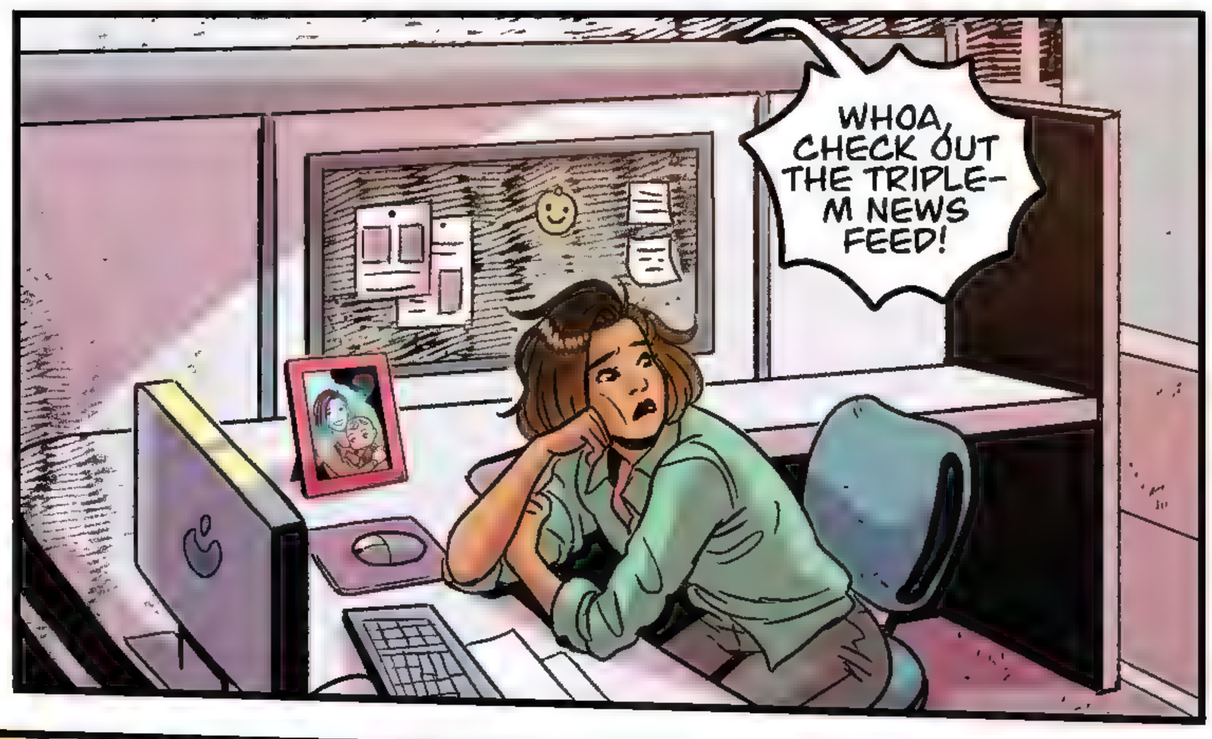
BUT MARGOT... I *KNOW* SPUNK, AND THIS IS EVERYTHING THEY ASKED FOR. I WORKED ALL WEEKEND TO PRESENT IT.

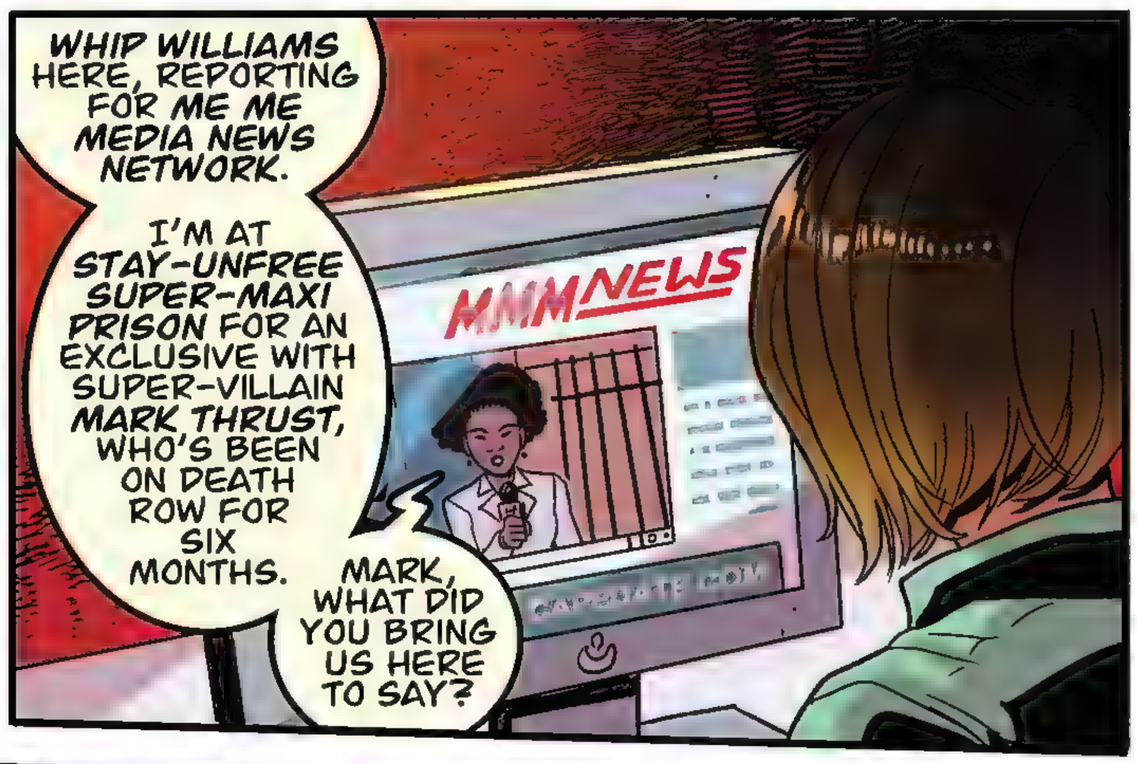
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE RAISING A KID ALONE AFTER HER DAD DITCHED YOU, OR *WHATEVER.*

HE DIDN'T--

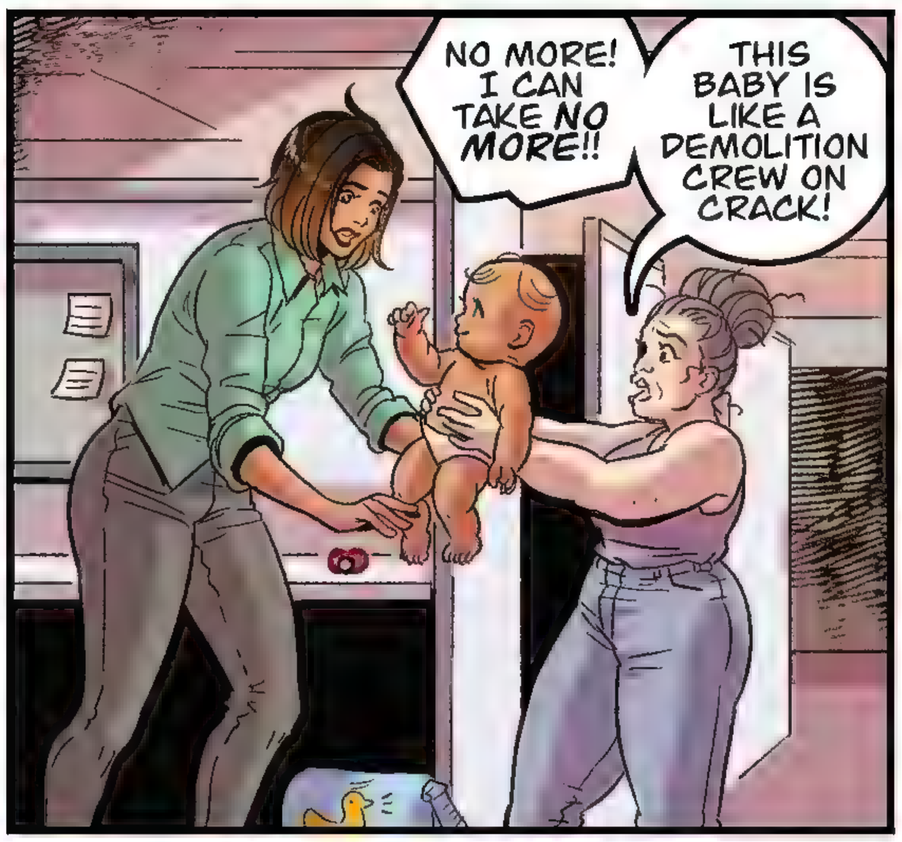
AND I *KNOW* HOW IT IS-- I HAVE A DOG. ALL THE FEEDING AND WALKING! BUT YOUR WORK IS *SUBPAR.* I'M TOSSING YOUR PROPOSAL.

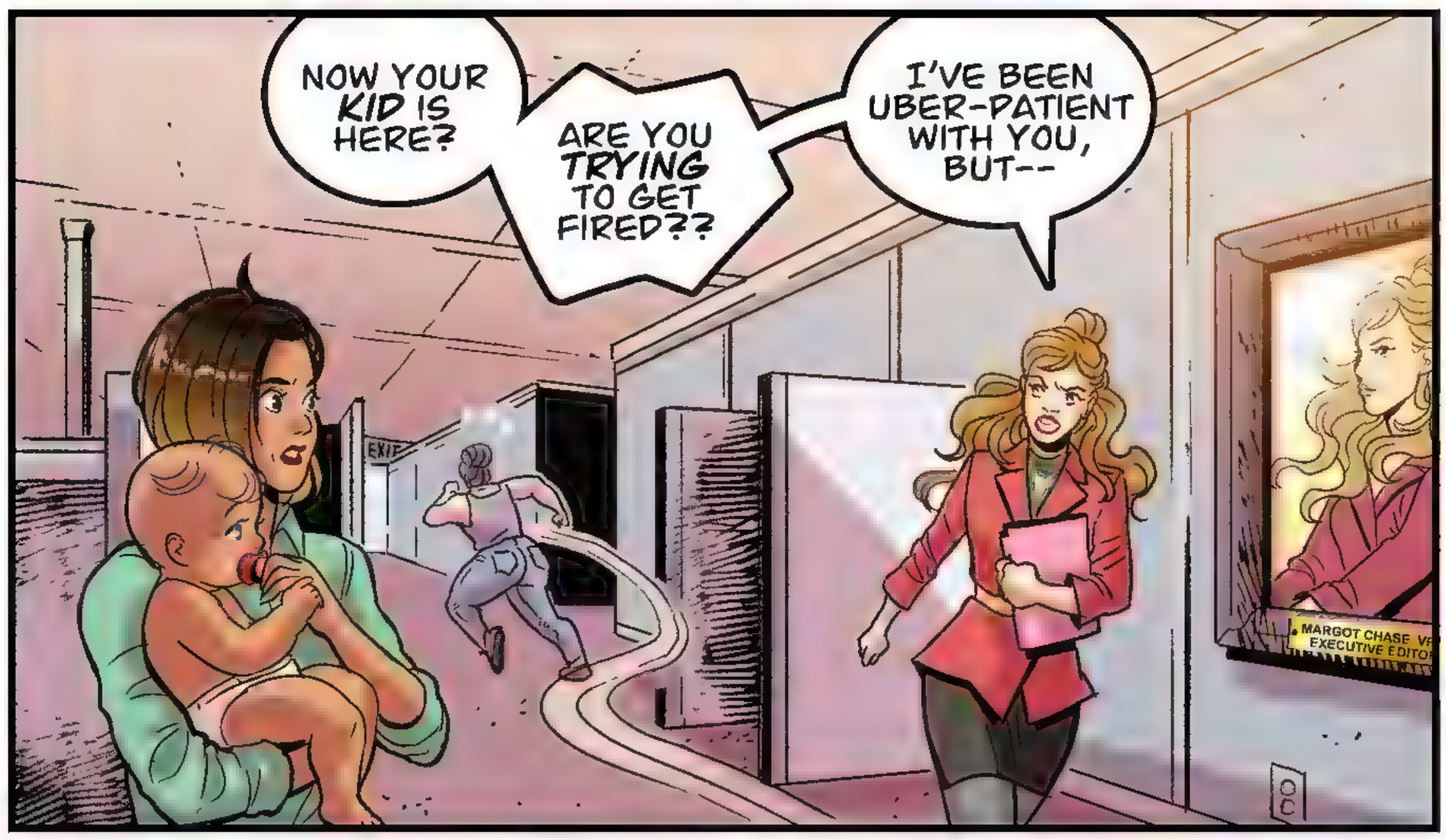


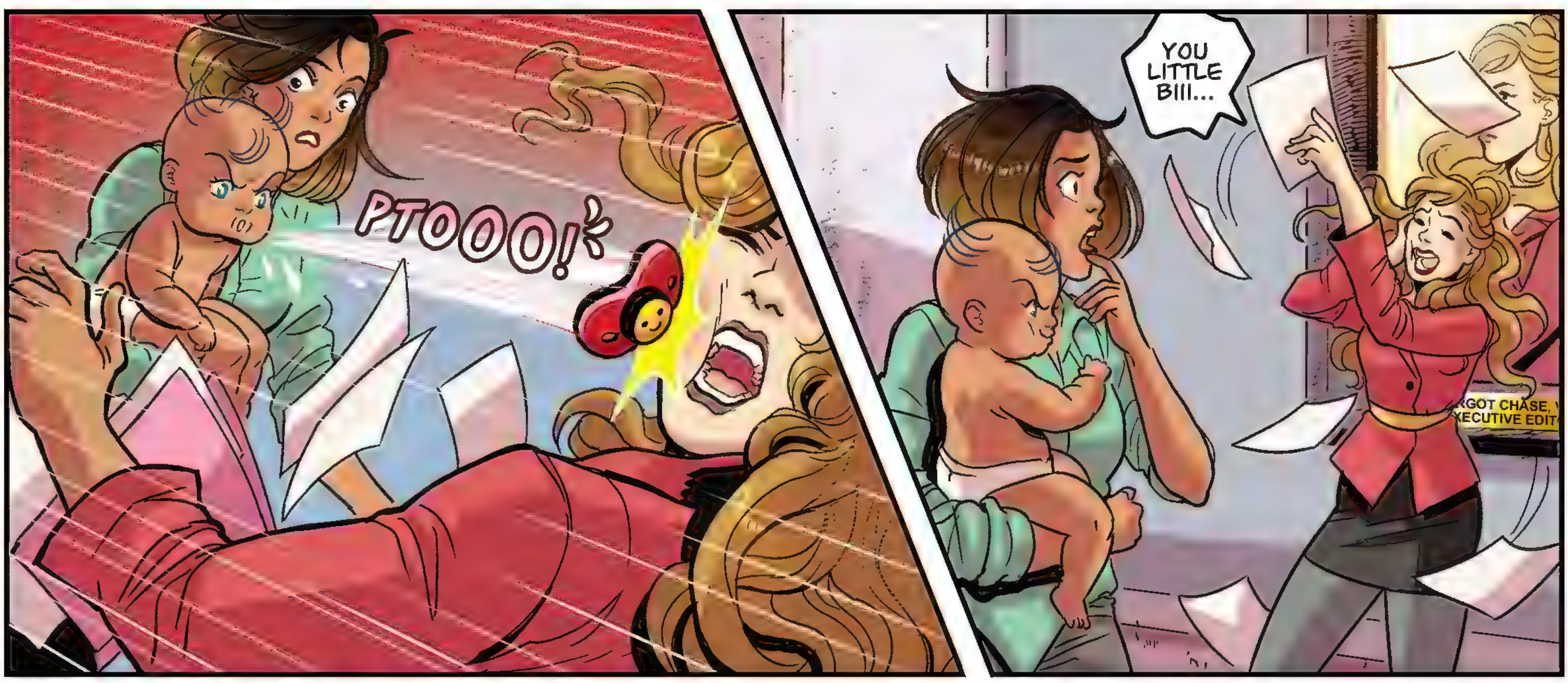


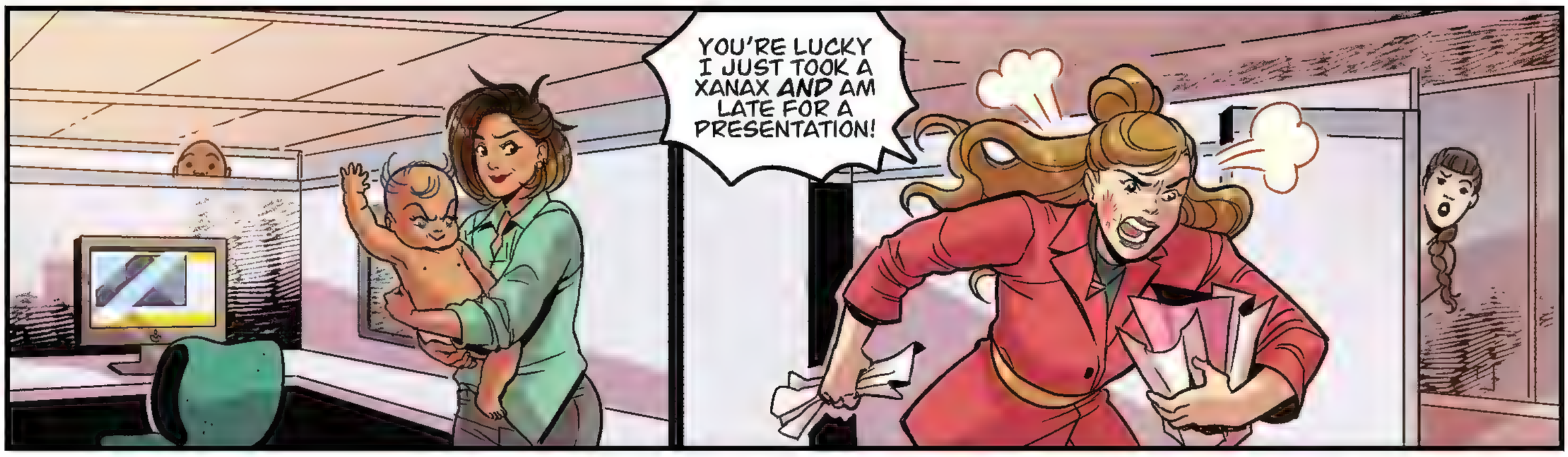


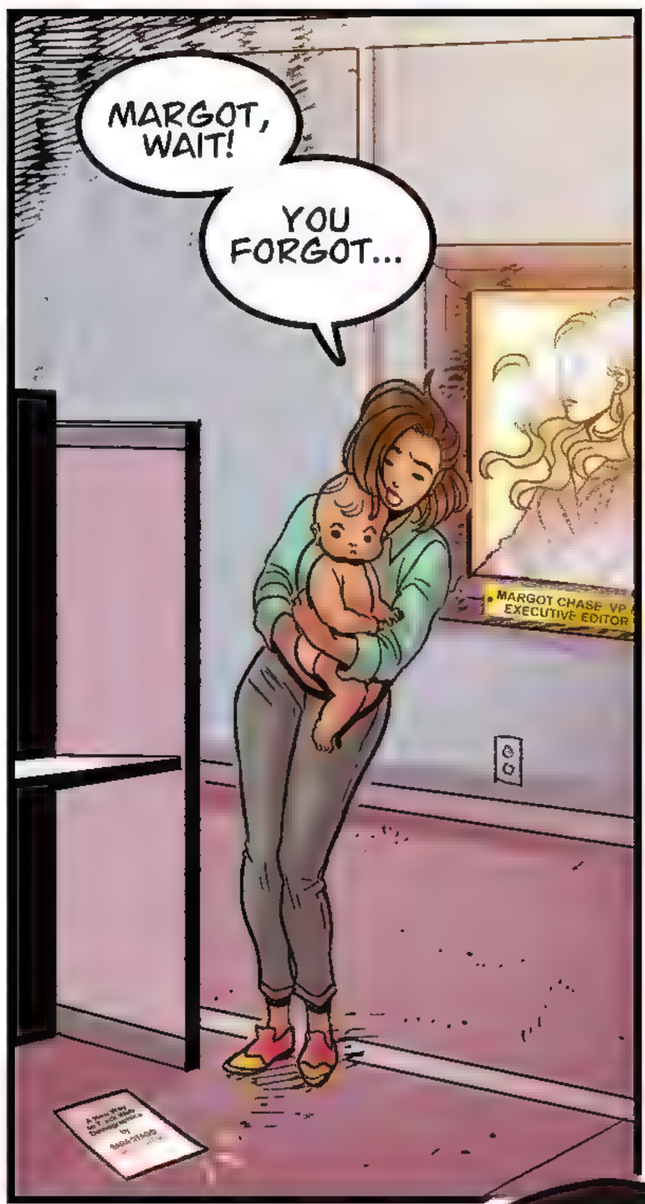
HAHA HA HA!
BALLS!


NO MORE! I CAN TAKE NO MORE!!
THIS BABY IS LIKE A DEMOLITION CREW ON CRACK!


NOW YOUR KID IS HERE?
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET FIRED??
I'VE BEEN UBER-PATIENT WITH YOU, BUT--
EXIT


PTOOO!
YOU LITTLE B!!!...

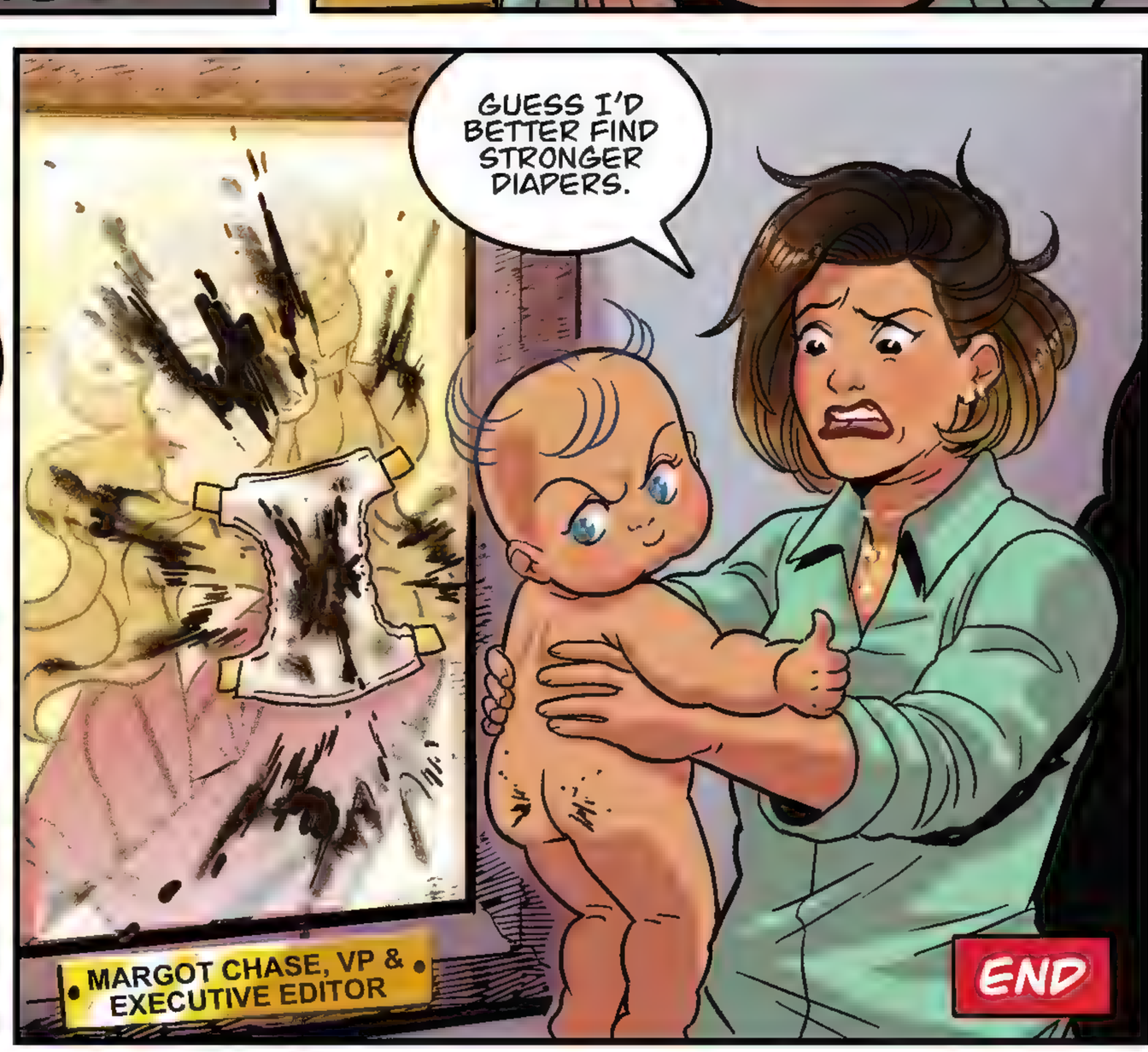

YOU'RE LUCKY I JUST TOOK A XANAX AND AM LATE FOR A PRESENTATION!


MARGOT, WAIT!
YOU FORGOT...
MARGOT CHASE VP EXECUTIVE EDITOR

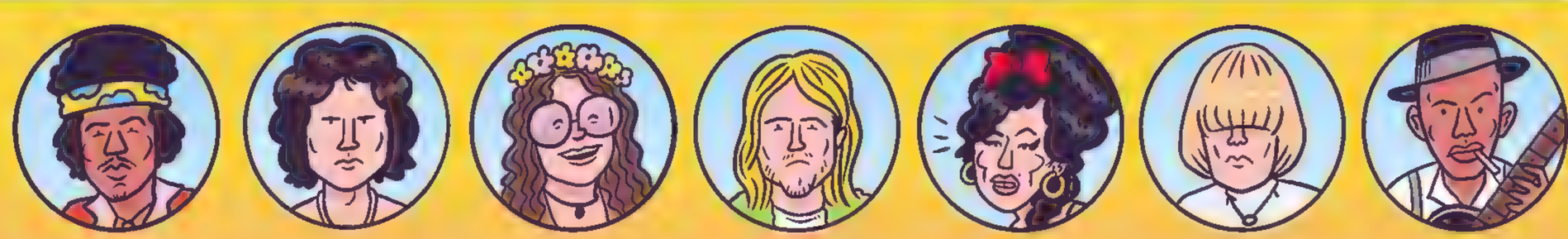
?!
A New Way to Track Web Demographics
by
SARA STAGG
MARGOT CHASE

WELL, YOU MIGHT BE SUPER-POWERED EVIL SPAWN, BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE ON MY SIDE.
HASE, VP
E EDITOR

SPLAT!

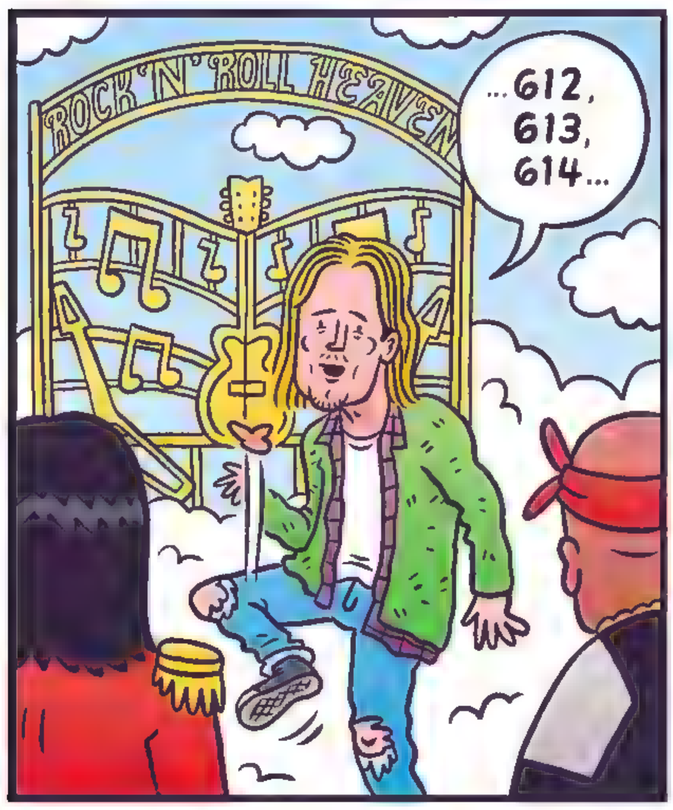

GUESS I'D BETTER FIND STRONGER DIAPERS.
MARGOT CHASE, VP & EXECUTIVE EDITOR
END

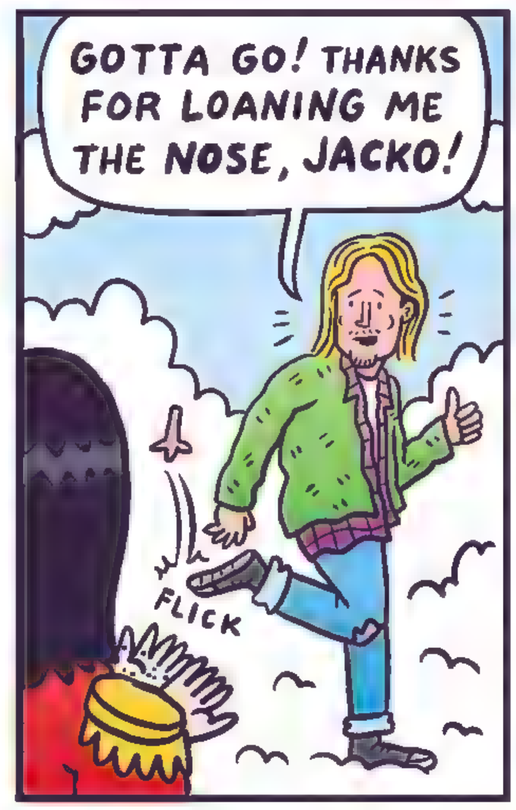
THE 27 CLUB

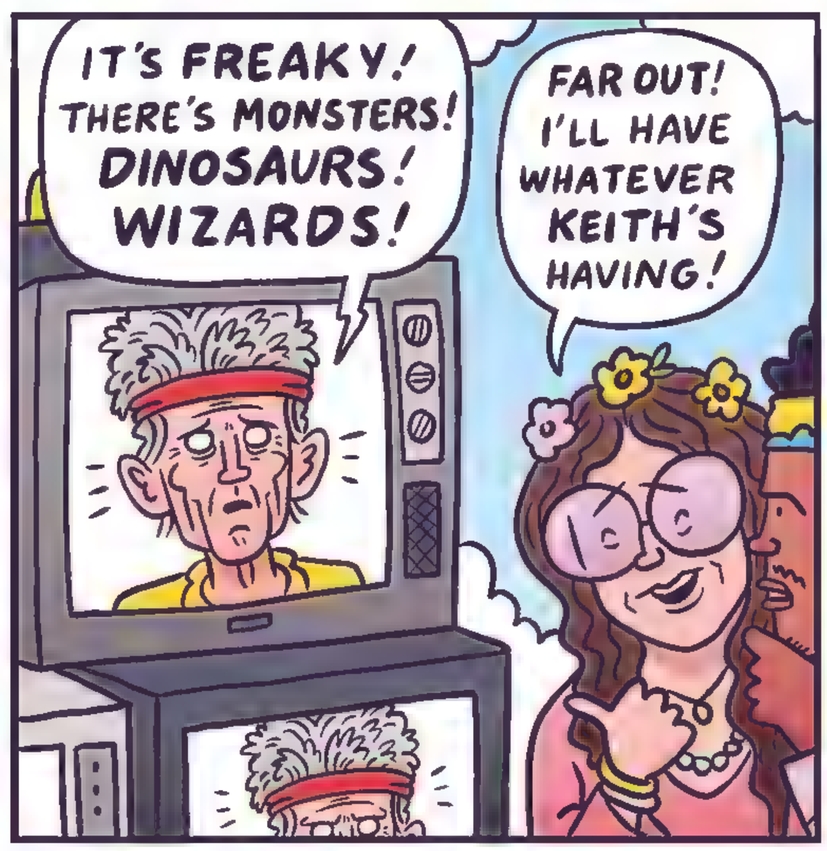


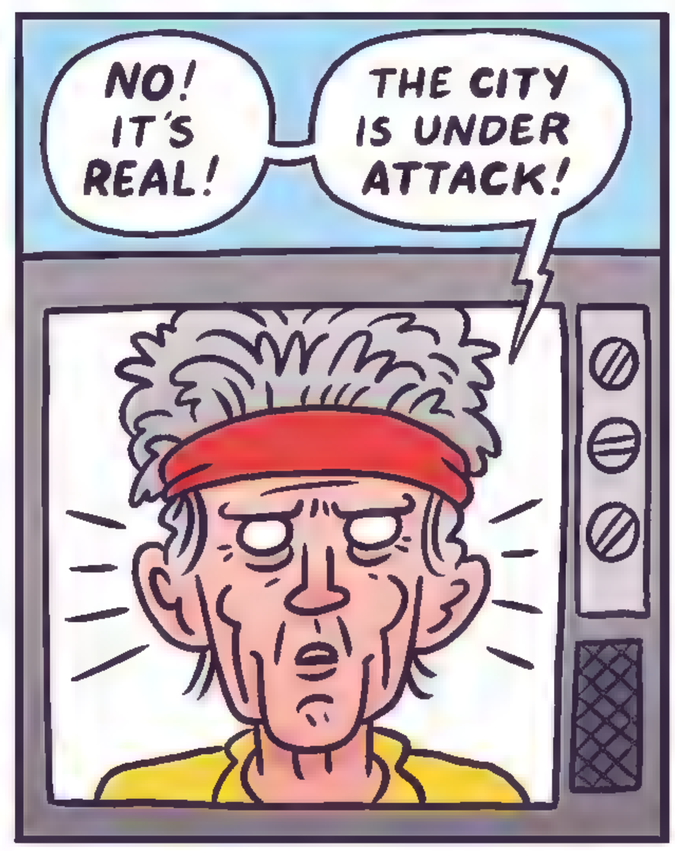
PARANORMAL POP STARS PROTECTING THE PLANET

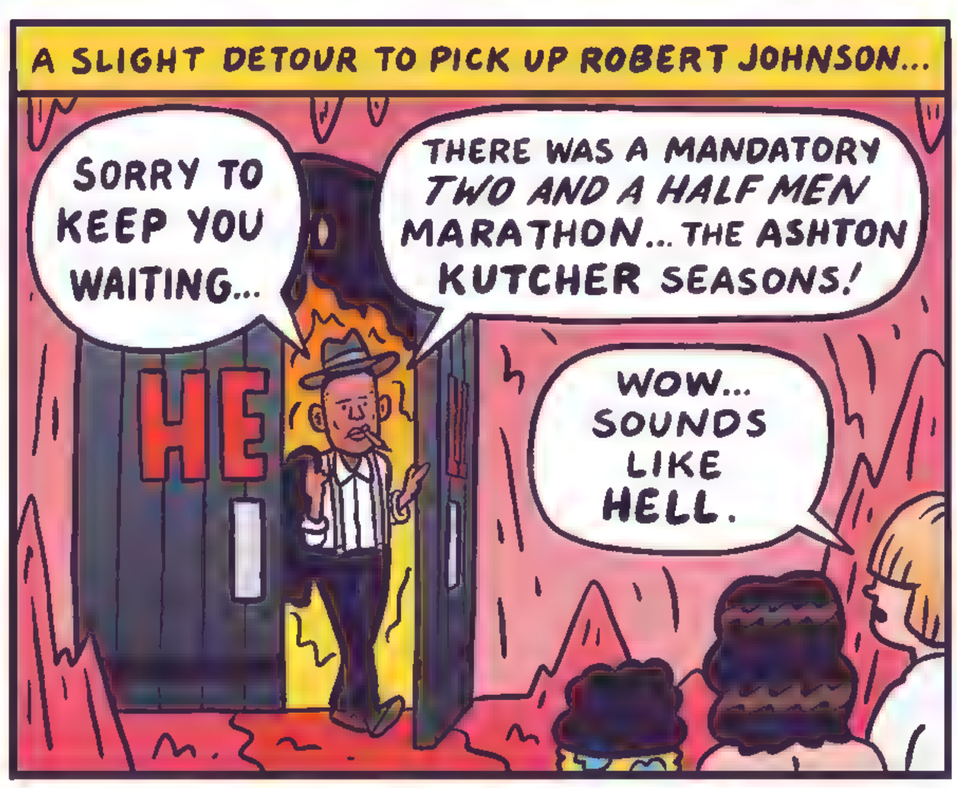
BY LUKE McGARRY





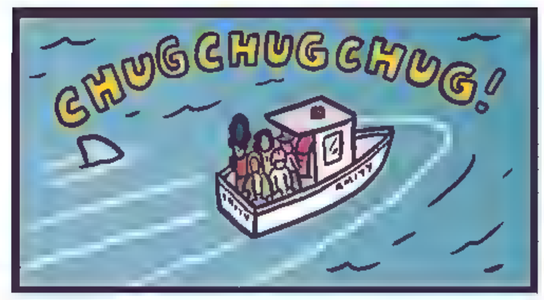


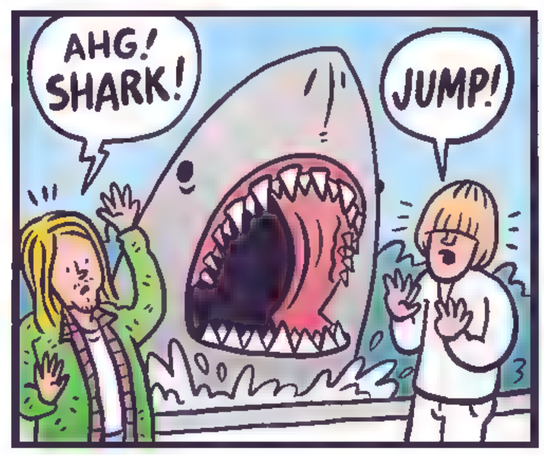


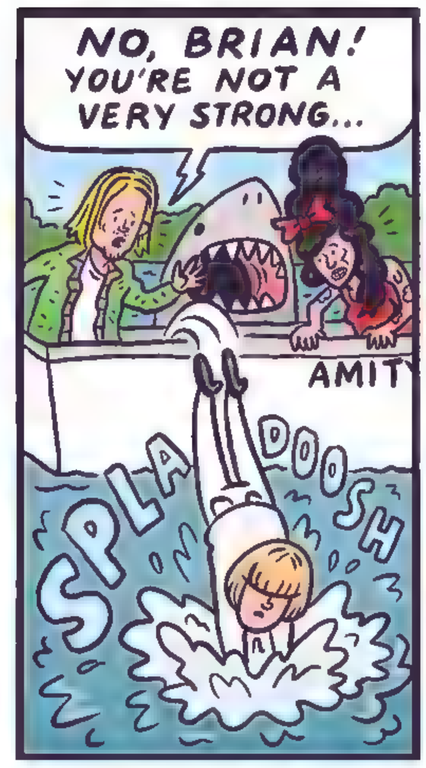


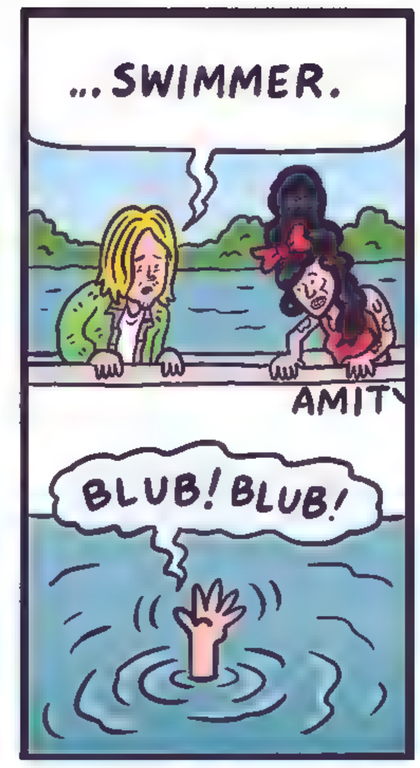
WRITER & ARTIST **LUKE MCGARRY**

THE GANG ARRIVES ON THE MORTAL COIL...
KEITH SHOULD BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS LAGOON...
MARINE SUPPLY
AMITY
AMITY
LET'S TAKE THAT BOAT!


CHUGCHUGCHUG!


AHG! SHARK!
JUMP!


NO, BRIAN! YOU'RE NOT A VERY STRONG...
AMITY
SPLA DOOSH


...SWIMMER.
AMITY
BLUB! BLUB!

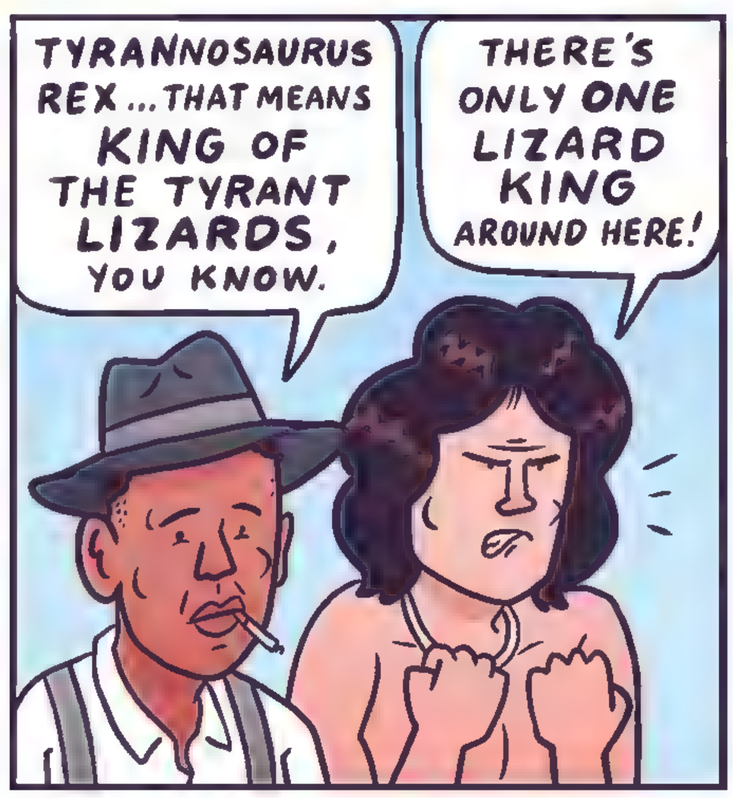
THERE'S KEITH NOW!
AND HE'S BEING PURSUED!

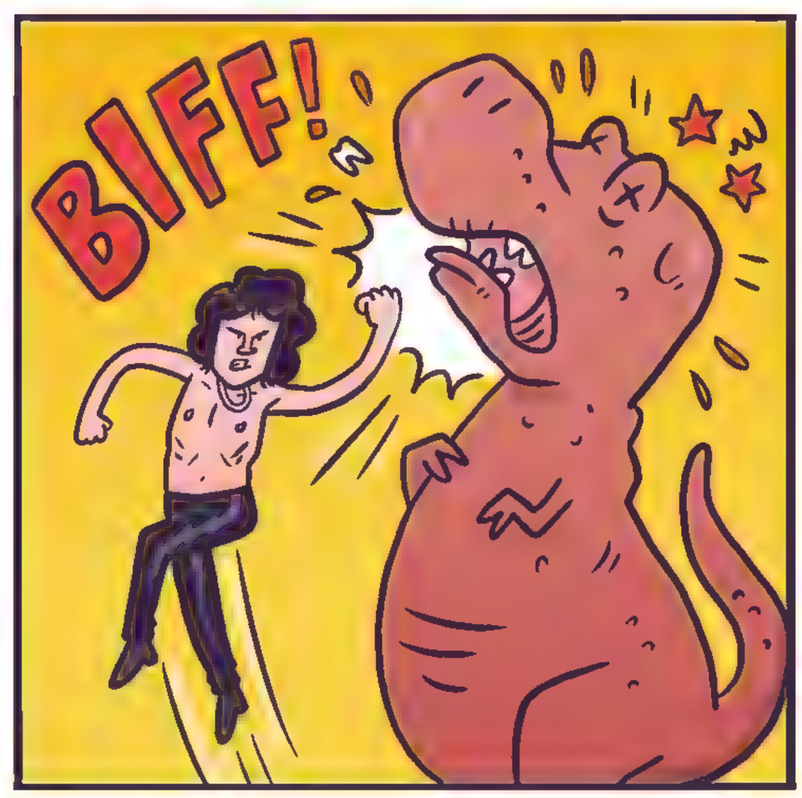
THE DEATHLY PALLOR...THE GLASSY STARES...THE TATTERED CLOTHING AND SCABBY ARMS... THEY'RE ZOMBIES!

ZOMBIES?! I JUST THOUGHT THOSE WERE MY MATES FROM THE PUB IN LONDON!

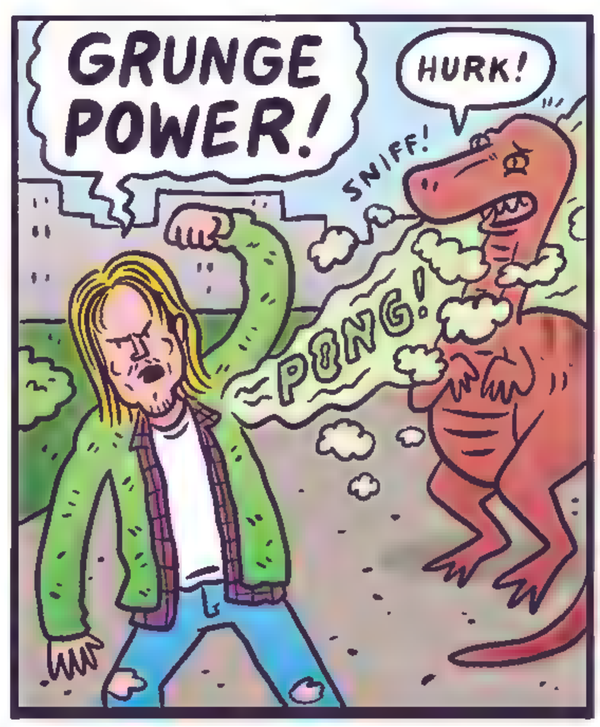
VOODOO FLAME ON!
WHOOOSH!

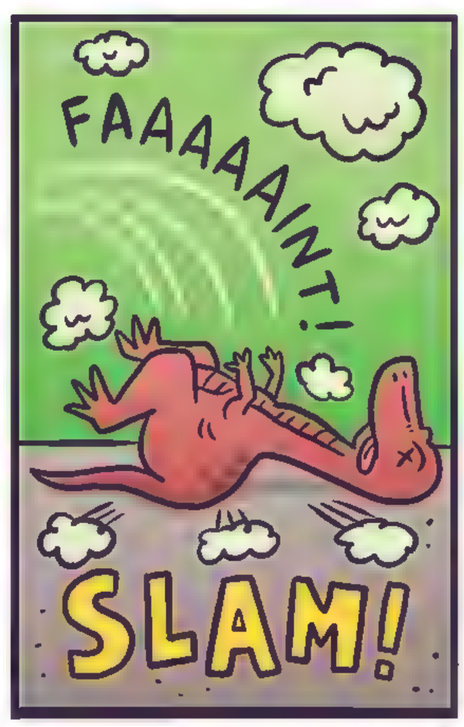
LOOK OUT! DINOSAURS!
GASP!


TYRANNOSAURUS REX...THAT MEANS KING OF THE TYRANT LIZARDS, YOU KNOW.
THERE'S ONLY ONE LIZARD KING AROUND HERE!


BIFF!

BEHIND YOU! A RAPTOR!!
HISSSSSSS...

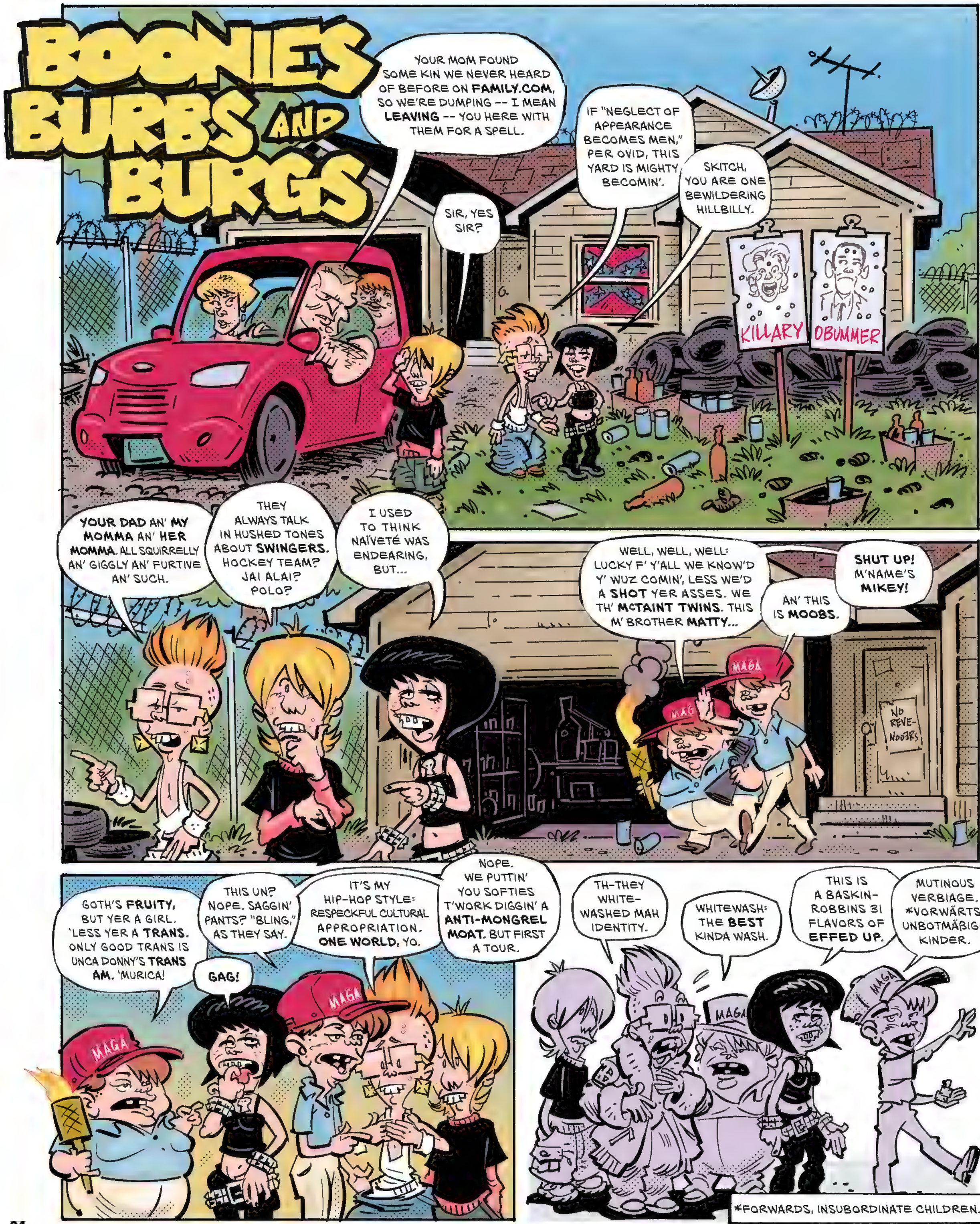

GRUNGE POWER!
HURK!
SNIFF!
PONG!


FAAAAAINT!
SLAM!

MORE MONSTERS! LET'S GET 'EM!
PEW

SNOT!
HONK!
WRRO CHUR
PLOP!
PUNT!

***HOW CAN YOU NOT SEE THE NAZI* DEPARTMENT:** IN WHICH ALDRIN KATCHER ONCE AGAIN DITCHES HIS SUBURBAN SON, BUZZ, AS WELL AS CITY COUSIN, CHLÖE, AND COUNTRY CUZ, SKITCH, THIS TIME WITH RELATIVES THEY'VE BARELY HEARD OF. BECAUSE BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER AND FAMILY IS THICKER THAN SLUDGE.



WRITER & ARTIST **BOB FINGERMAN**

SHHH, CLASS IN SESSION.
HOW CAN YOU HONOR THE REICH IF YOU CAN'T EVEN DRAW A **SWASTIKA?**
IT'S **HARD!** THEY'S ALL KNEES 'N' ELBOWS.
KNEES 'N' ELBOWS? **EUREKA!** CLASS, FOLLOW ME.
"EUREKA"? SOUNDS **FOREIGN-Y** TO ME.
MASTERING THE SWASTIKA 101
MAGA
MAGA

CLEM'S **THRESHER MISHAP** TWISTED HIM INTO THE **PERFECT** MODEL.
HEIL, FELLAS.
COUSINS' CONFERENCE, **NOW.**
OPTION ONE? WE LEAVE.
SOUNDS GOOD.
WHITE POWER

OPTION TWO: WE LEAVE.
I LIKE THAT.
OPTION THREE: WE LEAVE.
WHAT WAS OPTION TWO, AGAIN?

PRETTY SURE AN EXIT CAN'T BE **BARRED** LIKE THIS.
EXIT
YEAH, 'COS THIS PLACE IS **TOTALLY** UP TO CODE.
THERE Y'ALL IS.
LEMME WOW YUH WITH OUR **WAR ROOM** SLASH **MEDIA CENTER.**
U.C.
WE DO OUR PART
INVISIBLE KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN
MAGA

IMPRESSED?

A BASEMENT FULLA SMELLY GAMERS? WHO **WOULDN'T** BE?

...AND SO HE'S LIKE, "WHAT'RE YOU, SOME KINDA **BETA FEELSMAN?**"

NO! WHAT'D **YOU** SAY?

"**STEP OFF,** CUCK. Y'SEE ME HANGING WITH **NORMIES?**"

TAKE BACK OUR COUNTRY

YO, BRAH, HOW GOES IT ON THE LADIES FRONT?

I'M TOTALLY **INCEL** THESE DAYS.

GO DEEP IN THE **MANOSPHERE,** BRO. EVER SINCE I WENT VOLCEL MY THINKING'S MUCH CLEARER.

WHAT'RE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

Y'D THINK ALT-RIGHT TYPES COULD SPEAK ENGLISH.

SINCE I DITCHED THE **LÜGENPRESSE** AND **RED-PILLED** I DON'T CAVE TO **ANTIFA SNOWFLAKES** AND **SJWs.**

THIS IS **WRONG.** MY **DAD'S** KIND OF A NAZI, BUT MORE THE **A-HOLE** TYPE THAN THE **ACTUAL** TYPE.

I NEED FRESH AIR, **STAT!**

MAYBE THERE'S A BACKDOOR?

UGH: RAZOR-WIRE FENCE. WE'RE PENNED IN LIKE VEAL.

HEY, CLEM, WHUTCHA BUILDIN' A **OUTHOUSE** FER?

THE MISSUS BOUGHT ME ONE O' THEM **GENEALOGY** THINGS T' FIND OUT **MY ROOTS.**

COOL. SO?

TURNS OUT I'M **12 PERCENT** AFRICAN. SO, BUILDIN' M'SELF A **"COLOREDS ONLY" LATRINE.**

Y'ALL HERE T' HELP WITH TH' **MOAT** OR MY COLORED EX-FRIEND HERE'S **CRAPPER?**

OUCH, BO. OUCH.

UH, NO? YEAH? UH, ONE SEC: WE NEED **LUNCH** FIRST TO BUILD, UM, **STRONG BONES?**

MILK 'N' WHITE BREAD 'N' MAY-O-NAISE. **WHITE WHITE** FOOD FER **WHITE WHITE PEOPLE.**

TRAPPED WITH NAZIS AND FORCED TO CHOKE DOWN NASTY-ASS PIGMENT-FREE FOOD.

WHATCHA WATCHING?

DUBYA DUBYA TWO FLICK. **AMERICAN G.I.S** HELD PRISONER BY THE **NAZIS.**

AND WHICH SIDE ARE YOU **ROOTING** FOR?

HUH. I HAVE **NO** IDEA.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO OPTIONS ONE, TWO AND THREE.

AS A BABY WERE YOU DROPPED ON YOUR HEAD A LOT?

I HAVE AN IDEA: WE NEED TO **ESCAPE!**

...AN' **THA'S** WHY GAY MARRIAGE IS **SICK.** UNRELATED: I'M MARRYIN' **FANTASIA,** MY **AR-15,** SO THEY CAIN'T **TAKE** HER FUM ME.

SMART THINKIN', UNCA BO.

(WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TUNNEL UNDER THE PERIMETER FENCE.)

OKAY, SO, TH' MOAT GOES OUTSIDE TH' FENCE. WE TRIED T' GIT OUR **MEXICAN NEIGHBORS** T' PAY FER IT, BUT THEY JUS' **LAUGHED.**

OUTSIDE THE FENCE?

WELL, **DUH.** WHY WE WANNA MOAT ONNA **INSIDE?** NOW GIT OUT THERE SO'S Y'ALL CAN--

COME BACK, YA SISSY LIBTARD RACE-TRAITORS!

WE'LL JES' HAFTA GIT THEM **MEXICANS** T' DO IT. GOTTA ADMIT, THEY SOME **HARD-WORKIN'**--

AW SHUT UP, MOOBS.

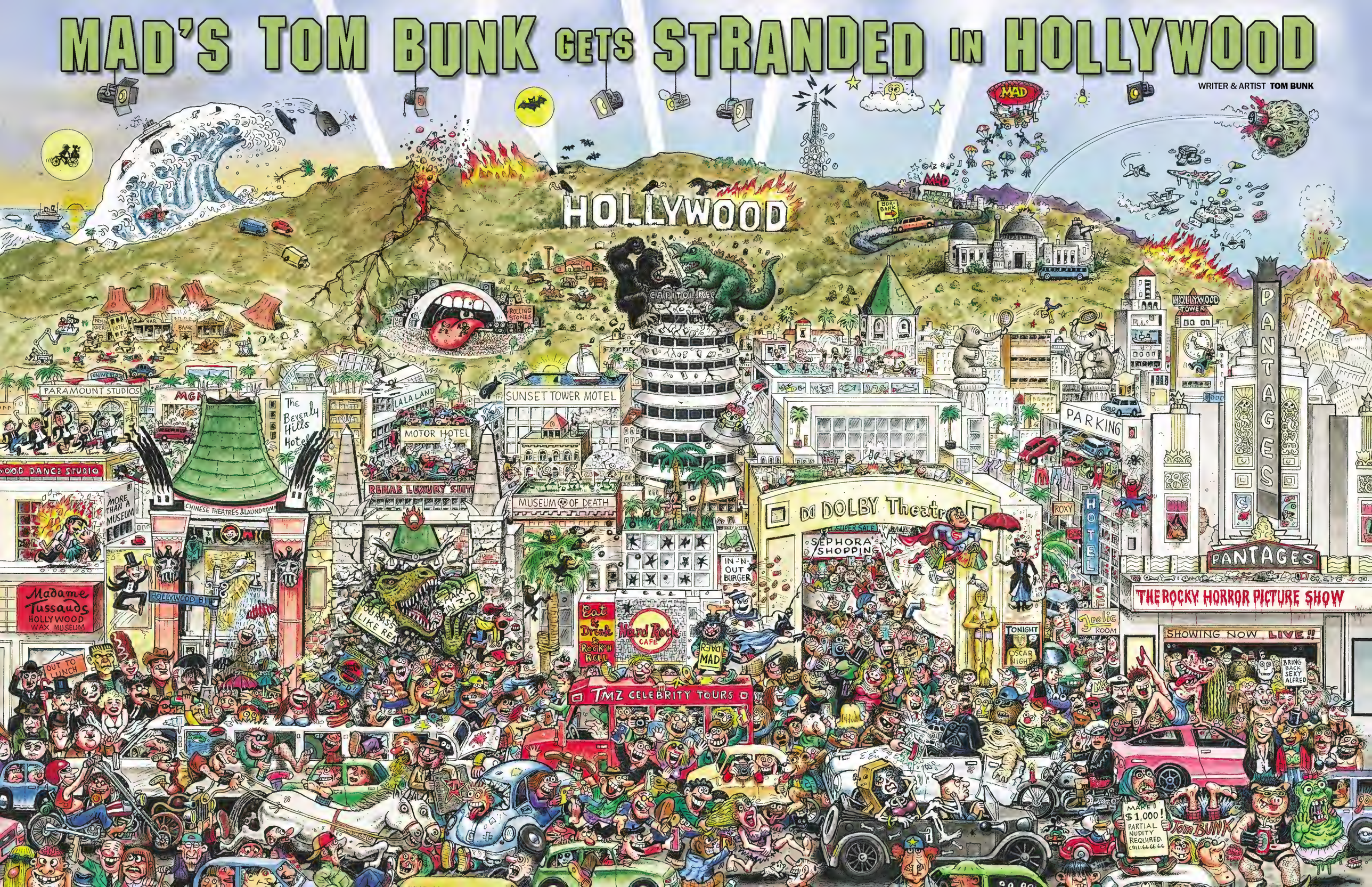
HATE T' SAY IT: IT IS EASIER T' RUN WITH **M' PANTS** PULLED UP!

SO WHO'S WITH ME FOR FILING **EMANCIPATION PAPERS** AGAINST OUR **PARENTS?**

THE END

MAD'S TOM BUNK GETS STRANDED IN HOLLYWOOD

WRITER & ARTIST **TOM BUNK**



THE Unwritten Rules OF HOLLYWOOD

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **ANTON EMDIN** COLORIST **DOUG THOMSON**

THE RULING CRASS DEPT.

We've been hearing a lot of sordid stories about stars who thought they were above the rules. But even actors and producers who live otherwise-clean lives must abide by certain unspoken guidelines that control the entertainment business. As a public service, we have perversely written down and (incorrectly) present...

It's considered gauche to date a woman who is younger than your Lifetime Achievement Award.

Bring your spec script EVERYWHERE.

You're not obliged to change your headshot until after you've had your 15th cosmetic procedure.

No idea will be considered "original" unless it reminds studio executives of two previous ideas.

No matter how good your screenplay is, it's useless without the promise of a franchise.

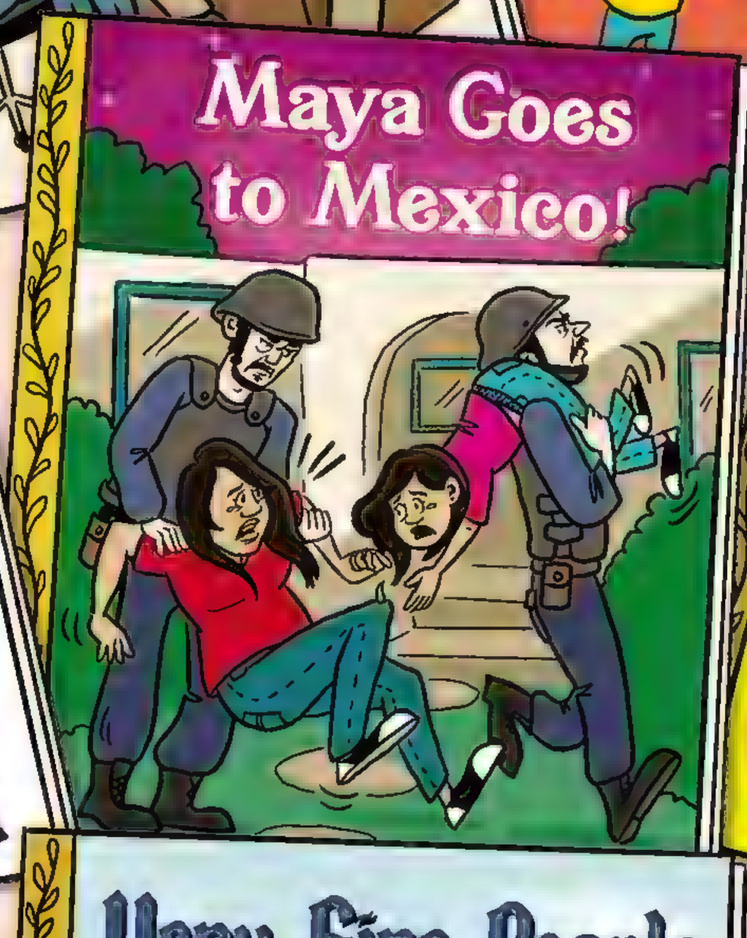
Be smart and invest in Botox companies one month before awards season.

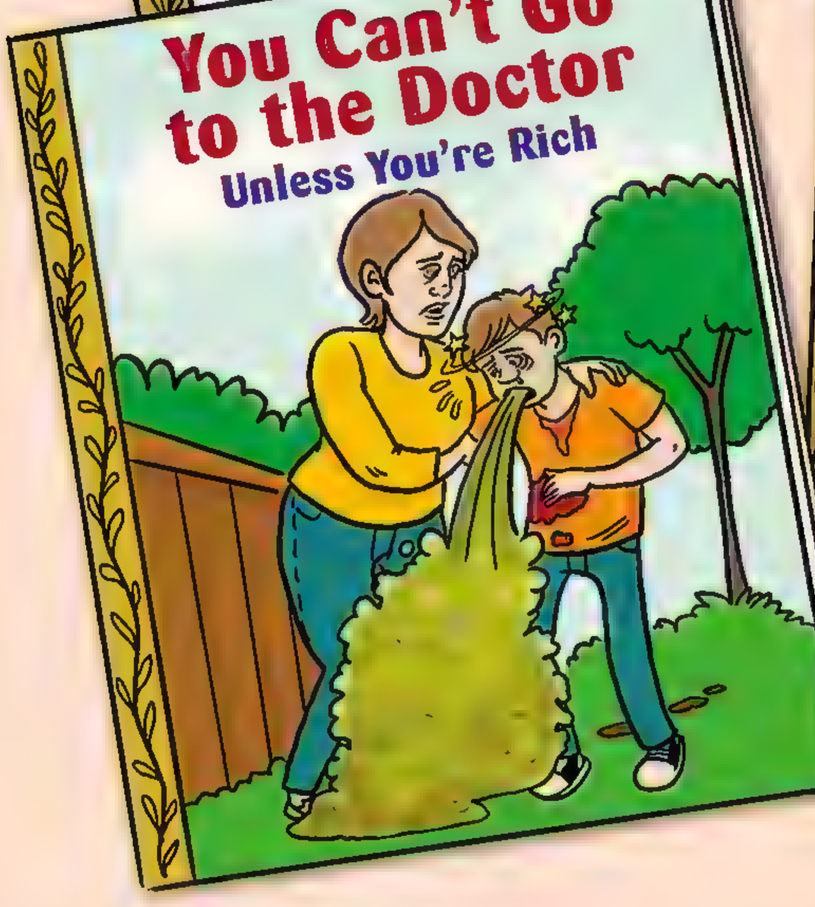
The "casting couch" has been banned, but sleazy movie executives will always find a way.

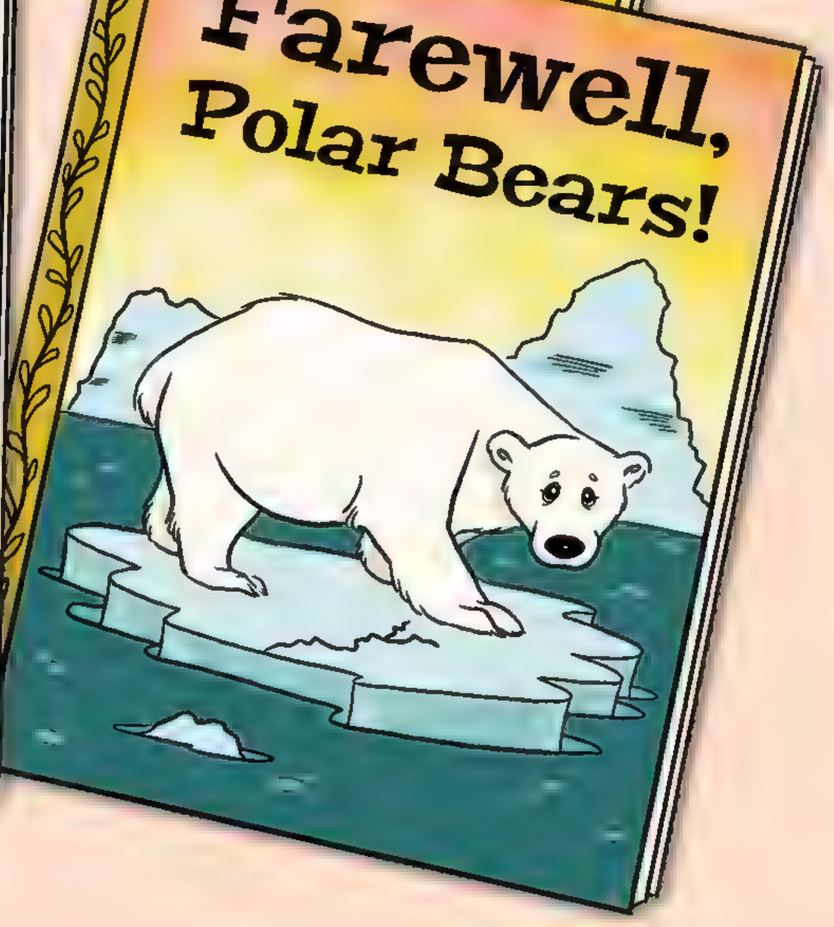
There's a reason why the cement imprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre have never honored porn stars.

You can't shield your children from the realities of the world forever, no matter how high you build that ~~wall~~ fence! So, on the off nights when you're not reading about engines that could, we recommend easing your little ones into modern misery with these...

Bedtime Stories for the Trump Era







WRITER & ARTIST **NOMI KANE**

TEE'D OFF DEPT.

The Articles of Confederation, the Bill of Rights, *10 Things I Hate About You*. Laying down ground rules has always been important but perhaps never more so than when a dad's shnookums is on the market. And since the modern-day equivalent of parchment is a Hanes Beefy T, we proudly present to you...

A FEW RULES FOR DATING MY DAUGHTER

1. When you pick her up, do not honk. You will come to the door, smile, and blow into the alpine summoning horn to signify your arrival.

2. No touching.

3. No furtive glances.

4. No sudden movements. She's been jittery lately and we're not sure why. Best to wait for test results to come in.

5. The following places are forbidden: bars, clubs, sensually lit rooms, mattress warehouses, pillow factories, decaying mansions of perverted old rich men, women's prisons, petting zoos, the Office Depot on Woodcliff where they sometimes have orgies in the back.

6. Water her regularly.

7. Actually, if you stop by Office Depot, could you pick me up some blank CD-Rs? Don't need them for anything specific, they're just good to have around.

8. If you wrong her, I will strangle you to death, then kill myself so I can ascend to heaven and strangle you there for all eternity. It will be a terrible tragedy for both our families, but she's my pookie.

9. You'd better believe in heaven.

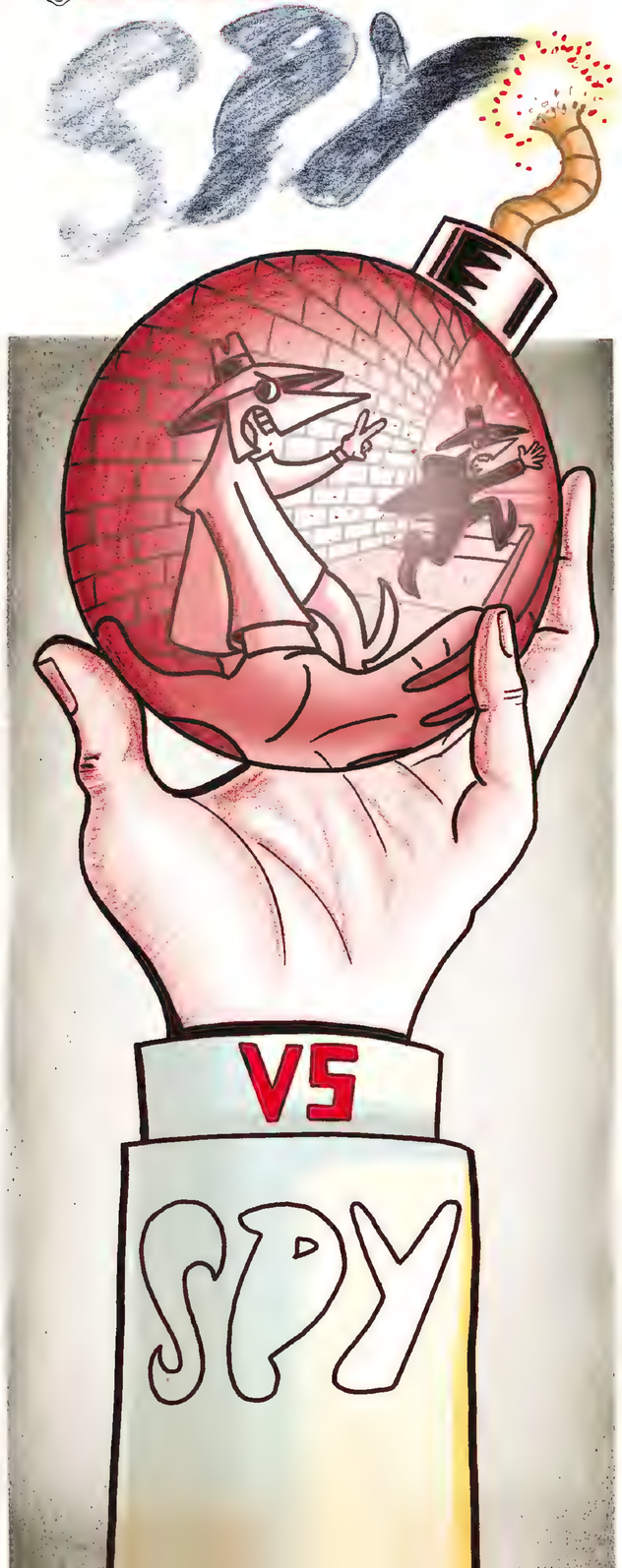
10. If you don't compliment her cute little dimples, I will cut dimples into your face with a Finnish hunting knife. Then I will outright refuse to compliment you on them so you will know how it feels.

11. Do not call the police on me. It won't work. Half the cops are my buddies, and the other half own this same T-shirt.

12. No kissing.

WRITER JOE RANDAZZO
ARTIST TRAVIS MILLARD

SPY VS SPY



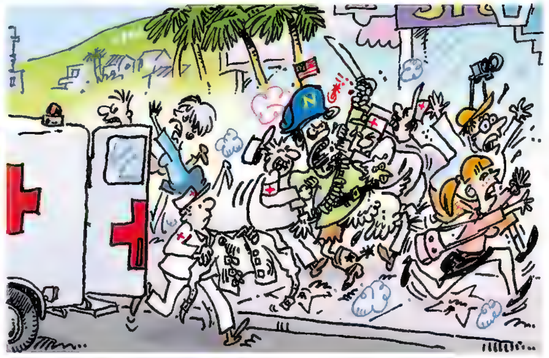
KUPER

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

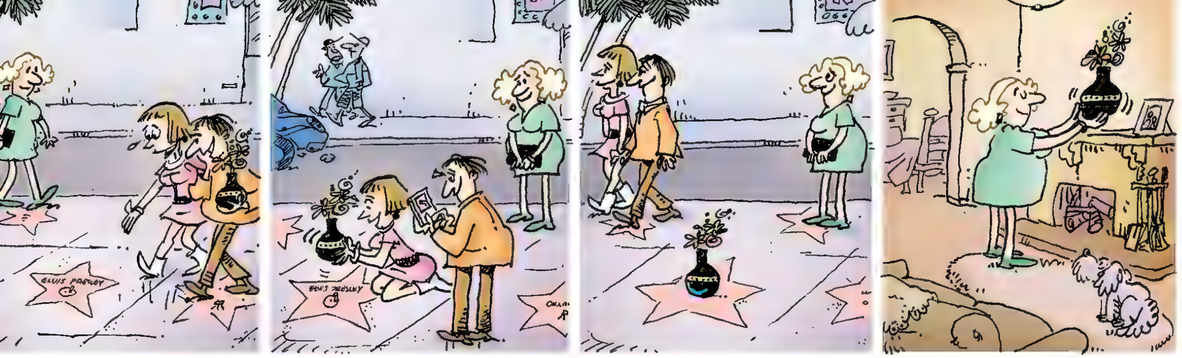
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONES PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD



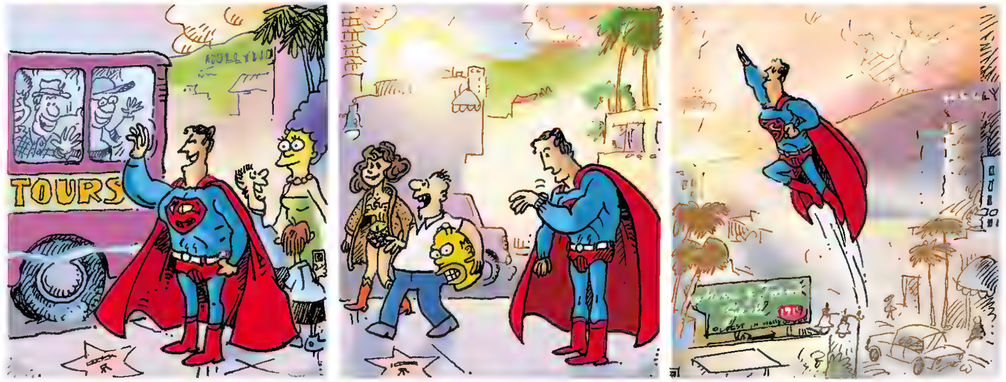
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **VINCENT VIDI VICI**

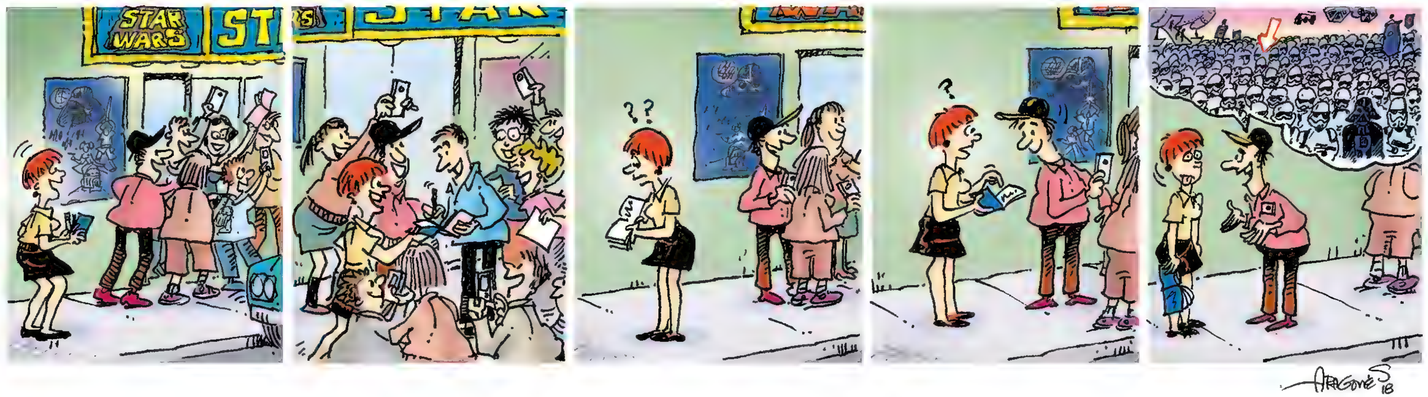


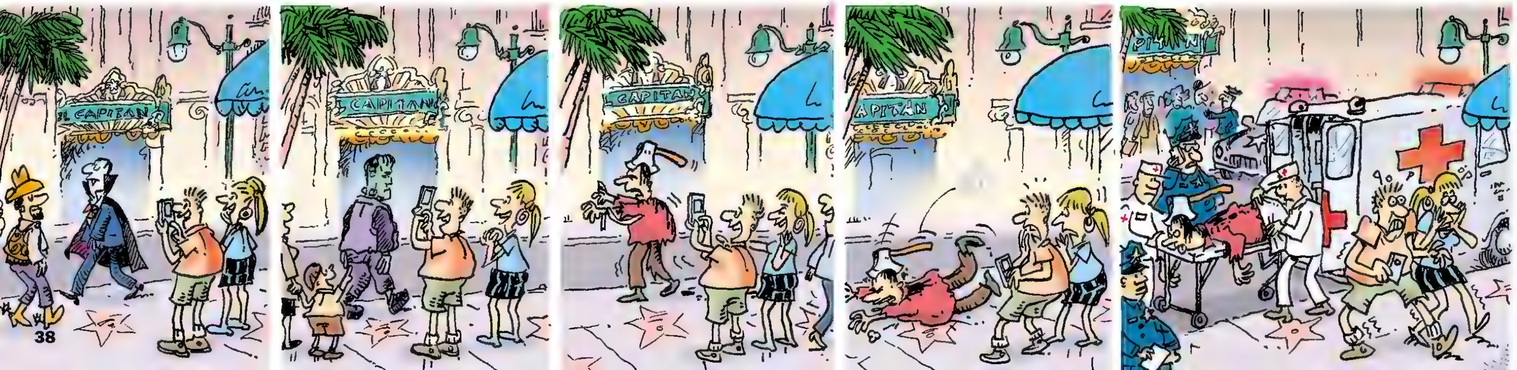
DIRECTOR

TOURS

ACTORS STUDIO
LEE STRASBERG INSTITUTE
FILM
CINEMA
STUDIO


TOURS


STAR WARS


CAPITAN

SEE STARS FREE!

WORD TO THE GUYS DEPT. Yeah, time *is* up for all the piggy powerful men in Hollywood. These guys have gotta zip up and move over, because a change is coming. Get yourself a tub of popcorn and a nice glass of chardonnay, as we're about to show you some previews from...

When WOMEN take over HOLLYWOOD

WRITER & ARTIST **TERESA BURNS PARKHURST**

The new standard of beauty won't require stitches, needles, or anesthesia.

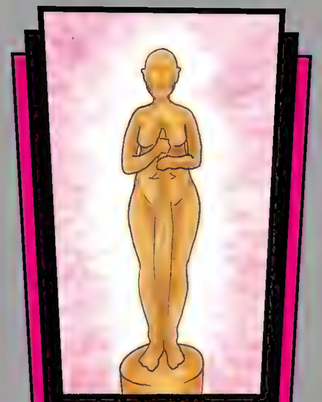
In an effort to make up for the salary gap between the sexes, guys will get charged more at movie theaters.

White male actors will all be vying for the limited roles available.

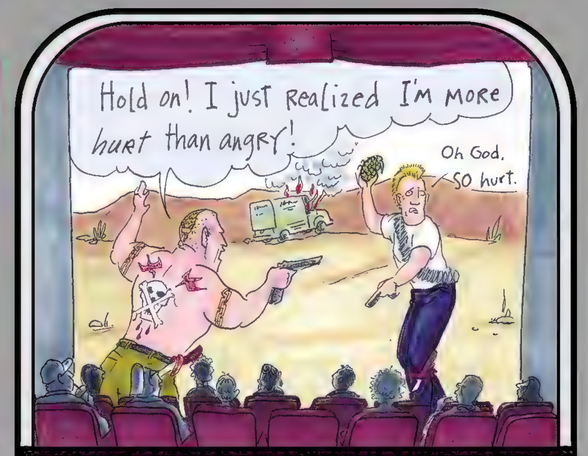
TV commercials will finally clean up the domestic stereotypes.

The salad industry will take a hit as actresses start eating again.

Movie credits will get way shorter, thanks to women's multitasking skills.



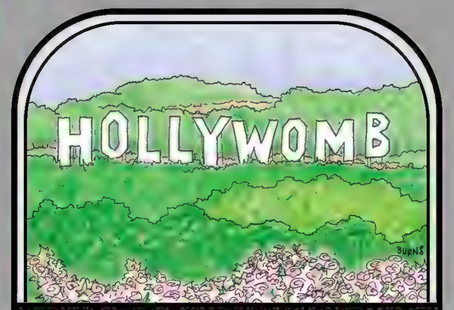
Oscar will get some estrogen.



Entertainment will feature less blowing things up and more talking things out.

All lecherous moguls will be weeded out and sent to Oprah for a good talking-to.

The plastic surgery industry will plummet.



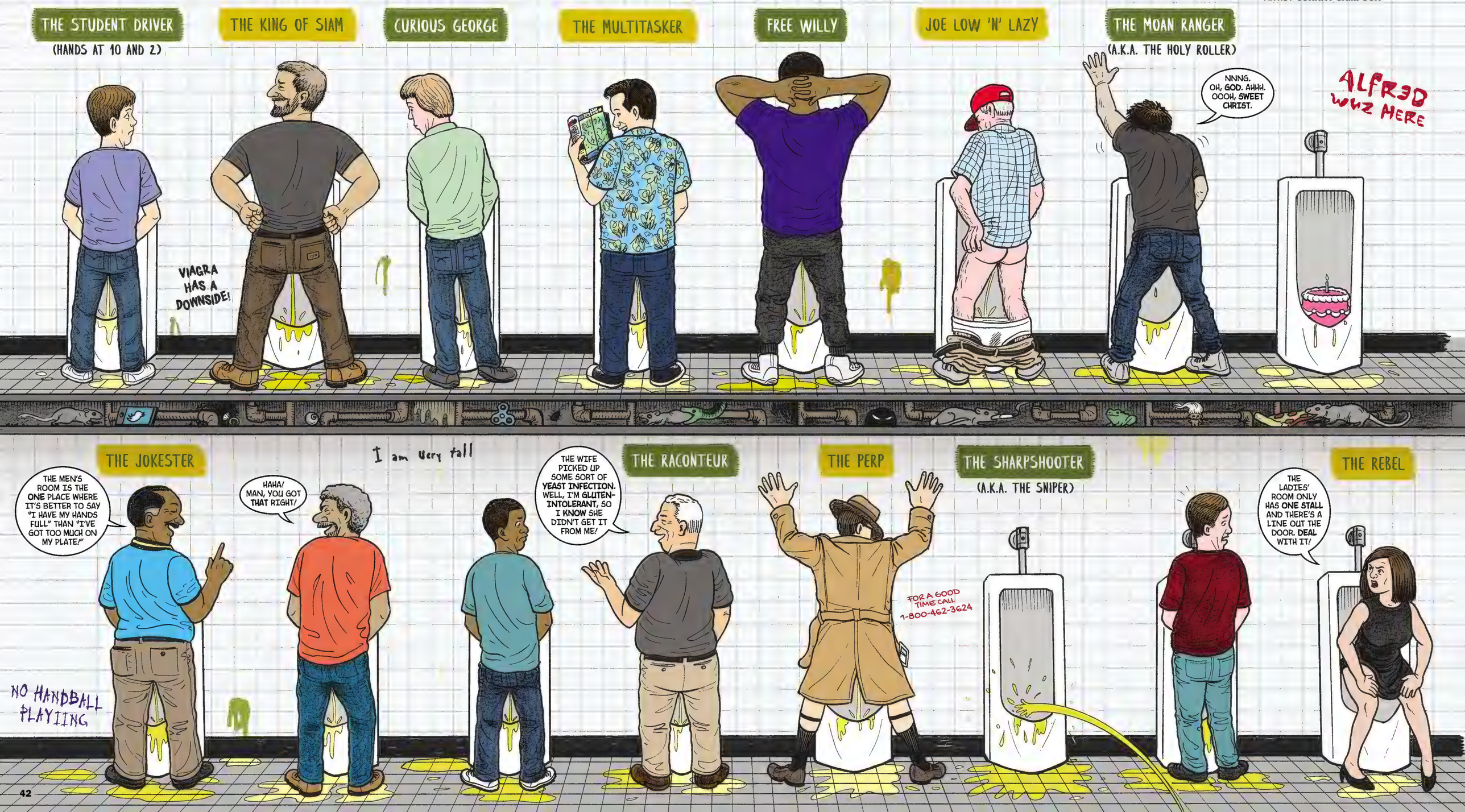
The "wood" will lose its standing.

SPOTTY HUMOR DEPT.

Anyone who's spent any appreciable time in a public men's room will tell you there's no single approved way to relieve oneself at a urinal. There are many styles and variations. Different strokes for different folks. We at MAD are keen (and covert) observers of such behavior and are pleased to present...

12 TYPES YOU MAY FIND AT A URINAL

WRITER **BILL MORRISON**
ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**



"A RUNNING DISCHARGE OF STEAMING MUCK"

—ROTTEN TOMATOES

WRITER & ARTIST **MARY TRAINOR**

THANKS TO THIS ISSUE'S NON-CONTRIBUTORS!

Lafayette Galoot
Mr. Galoot sent us a few one-panel cartoons, which may have worked if we published an Esperanto language edition of MAD. Gladly, we don't.

Seigfried Zapata
Mr. Zapata, whose piece "What If ISIS Ran the Large Hadron Collider?" was turned down, submitted his new pitch, "One Fine Day at the Large Hadron Collider, Run by ISIS." Seigfried has been writing for 37 years, though not professionally.

Karlotta Marinara
Karlotta lives in Dayton, Ohio, with her five Siamese kittens, who likely wrote most of her rambling article "147 Signals Your Doodads Need Expurgating." This pitch set a record for fastest rejection at 3 minutes, 12 seconds.

Lemuel Nodaway
Mr. Nodaway's rejected piece "The Amazing Similarities and Differences Between MAD's Fast Five and The Onion's 5 Things to Know" was amusing, but we found it too insider-y. Lemuel is proud to have also been rejected by *The New Yorker* and *Funeral Service Times*.

Yancey Piffleman
When Mr. Piffleman asked if we'd be interested in his eight *Star Wars* film parodies, we said "No thanks, we've had that area covered for 40 years." We also couldn't use his idea of "a Fold-In, only it folds vertically, instead of horizontally." Ditto for "Guy vs. Guy." Yancey lives over a Van's store down by the river.

Lachlan Brooder
Lachlan's "What If the Winnipeg Jets Were in Charge of the United Nations?" was turned down, as were his other 17 Winnipeg Jets-related articles. The Manitoba native claims to have a degree in Hockey Ethics from Trump University and promises to "keep sending stuff until something clicks." Goodie!

Mordred Zartack
Mr. Zartack sent us several song parodies, which showed a great work ethic, but they're only funny if you know Brahms' Requiem Mass. We don't. Mordred teaches music at a magnet school in Bend, Oregon, which sounds about right.

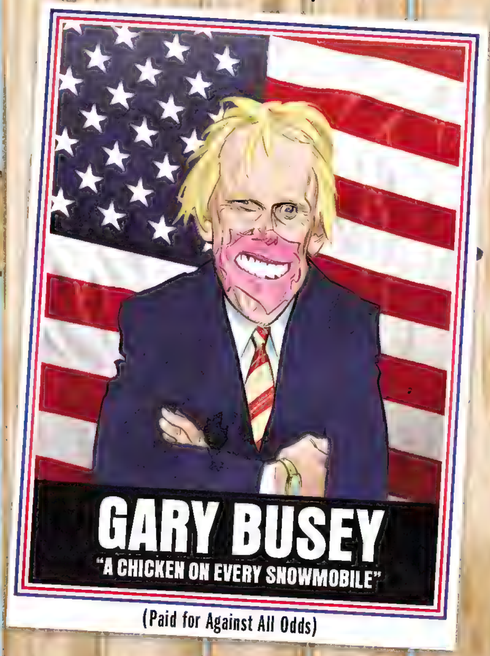
LaRhumba Gaitman
LaRhumba, a yam rancher, thought she'd "try and do something different" with "Galled Things Considered" and "Airhead Home Companion." We didn't go for either but admit that text-only satires of public radio shows would indeed be something different.

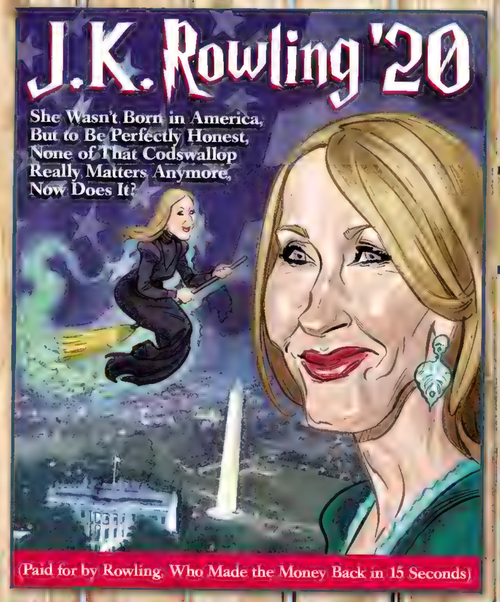
WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **SAM SISCO**

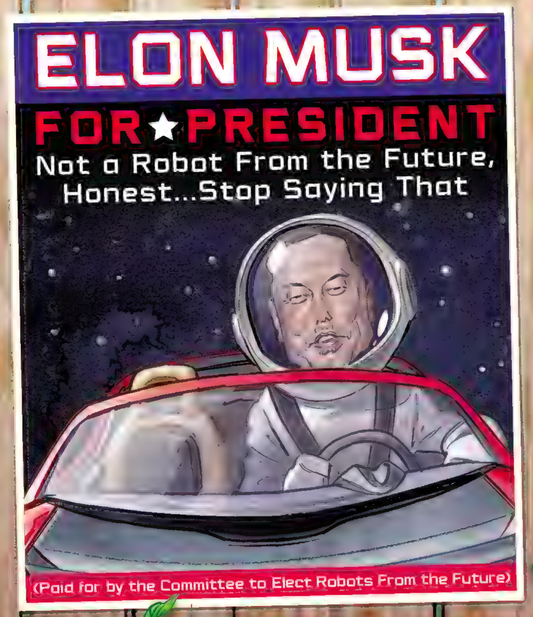
Oprah running for president? Sure, why not! Oprah's great. And her name is very easy to remember, which tests as the most important issue for the average American voter!

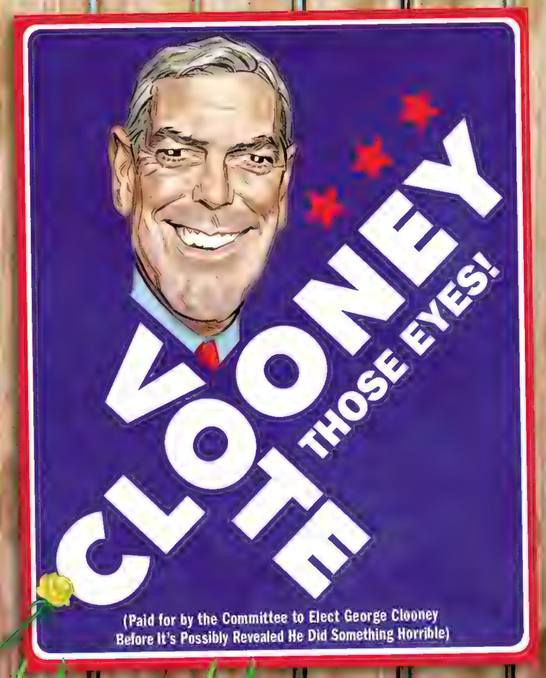
We wondered what it would look like if every celebrity who's ever had their headshot hanging in a Toluca Lake dry cleaner started running for office and came up with these...

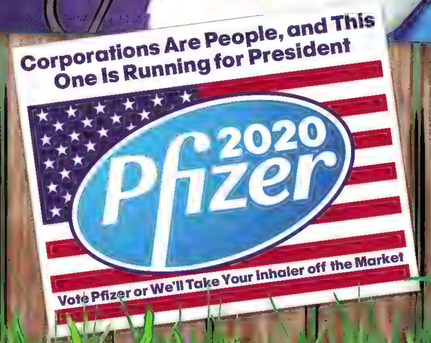
CELEBRITY POLITICAL POSTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE







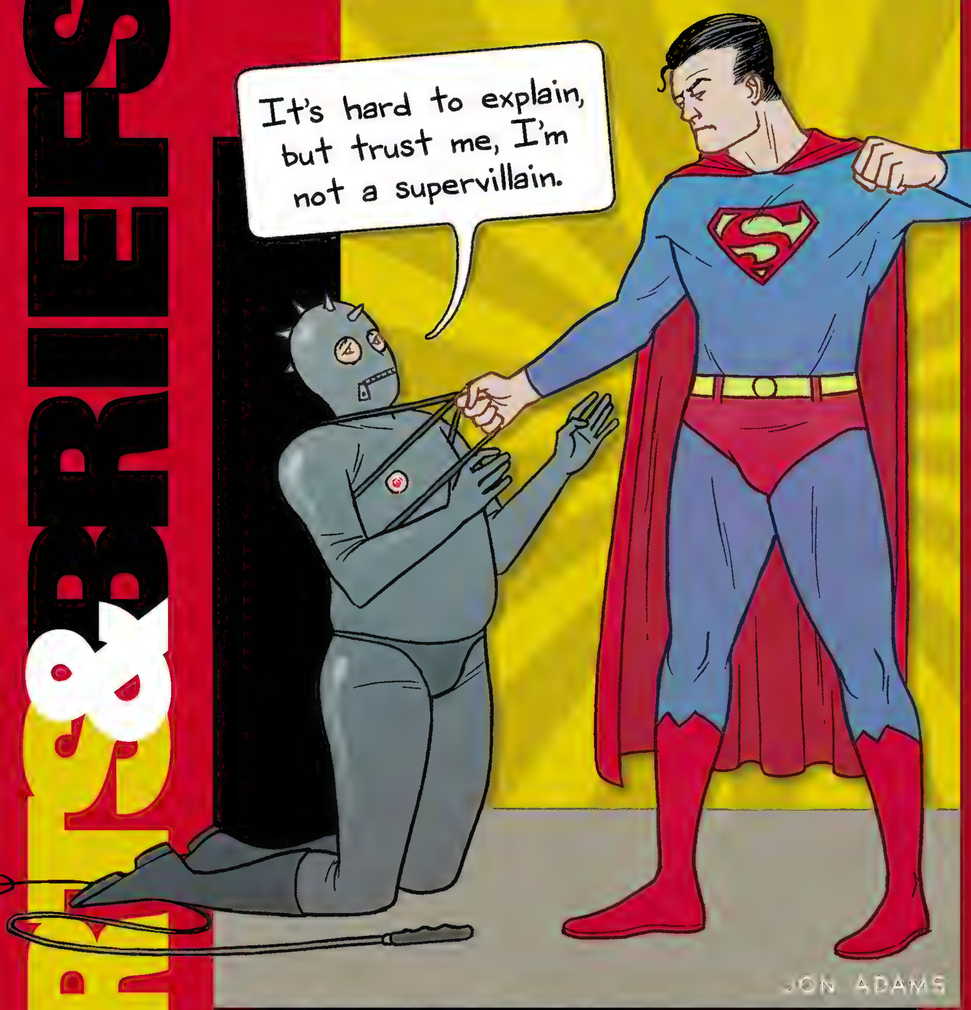




VOTE 4 ALFRED!

WRITER **BLAINE CAPATCH** ARTIST **ALEJANDRO RIVAS**

P&BRIEFS



WRITER & ARTIST **JON ADAMS**

WRITER & ARTIST **BOB ECKSTEIN**

NEW WEATHER APP ICONS THAT SUGGEST CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL

BEEQUAKE

MELTING SIDEWALKS

SNOW IS FLAMMABLE NOW

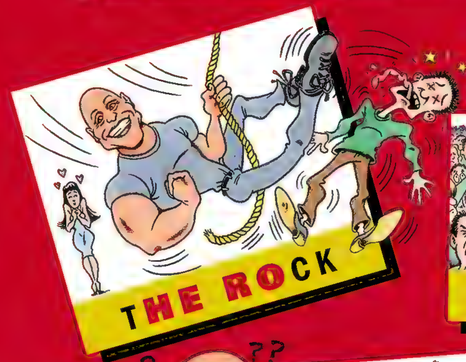
DINOSAURS ARE BACK, FOR SOME REASON
(ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, PROBABLY FINE)

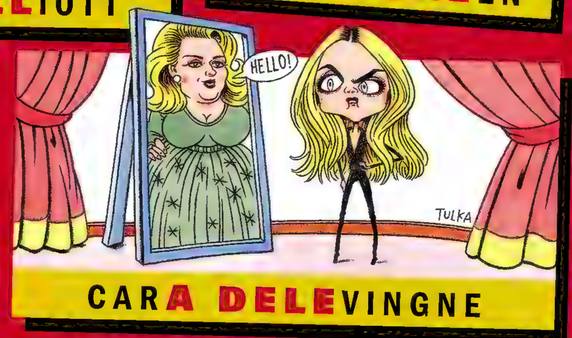
WRITER **KENNY KEIL**
ARTIST **JIM MACQUARRIE**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Subliminal messages are everywhere. From the illuminati triangle on the dollar bill to the crop circles most likely created by aliens (but possibly commissioned by the illuminati!), we just can't seem to get away from hidden codes and clues. Heck, even the names of our beloved celebrities contain secret meanings! Which has us asking...

WRITER **ZACH SHERWIN** ARTIST **RICK TULKA**



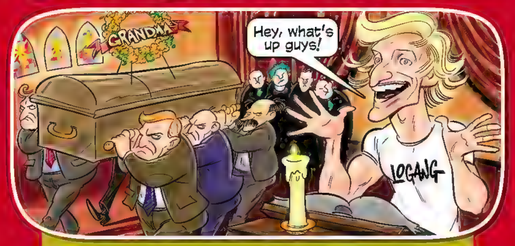


HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT

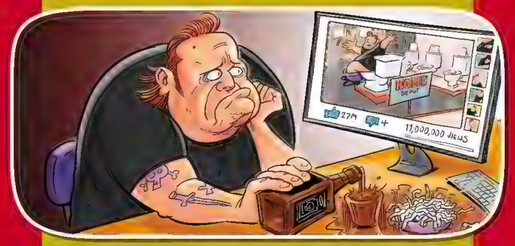
"MISSIONARY POSITION"

WRITER & ARTIST **KYLE BRIDGETT**

THE DOWNSIDES OF BEING A YOUTUBE STAR

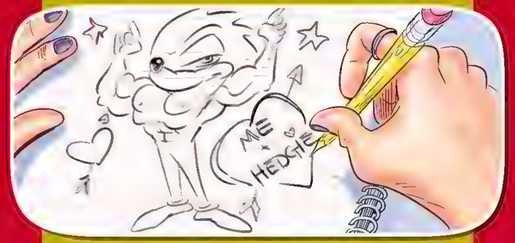


You can't start a single sentence without a compulsory "Hey, what's up guys!"

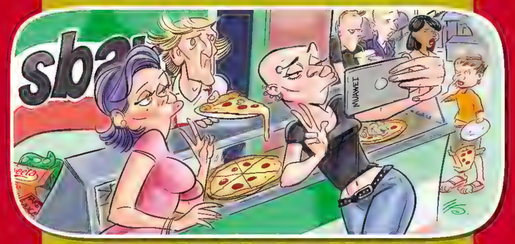


The constant fear that you peaked too early in life and may never top your viral masterpiece, "Caught Pooping in the Display Toilet at Home Depot."

Your career took off a little quicker than expected and now you're stuck with your username forever.

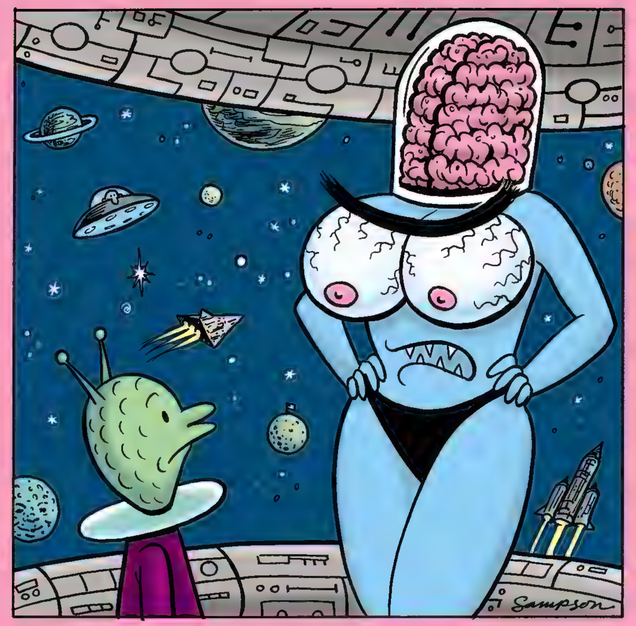


After years of editing video game footage, you've developed romantic feelings for Sonic the Hedgehog.



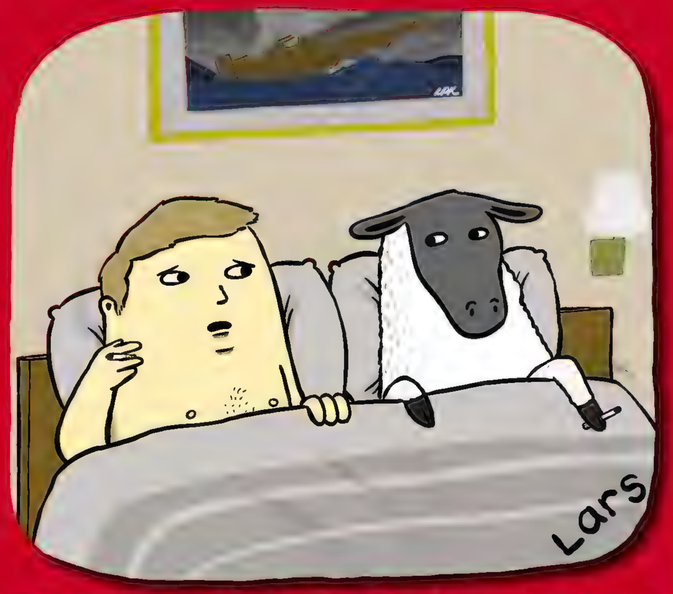
It's super awkward when fans ask for a photo while you're taking their order at Sbarro.

WRITER **KENNY KEIL** ARTIST **ED STECKLEY**



"HEY, SPACEBOY– EYES UP HERE!"

WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**



"Maybe we should just go back to the counting thing."

WRITER & ARTIST **LARS KENSETH**

Another fateful night at Wayne Manor.

WRITER & ARTIST **ERIC HAVEN**

EVEN MORE THINGS TRUMP RUINED

RED CAPS

DIET COKE

IVANKA'S BRAND

ANYTHING ORANGE

TWITTER

CHOCOLATE CAKE

TIKI TORCHES

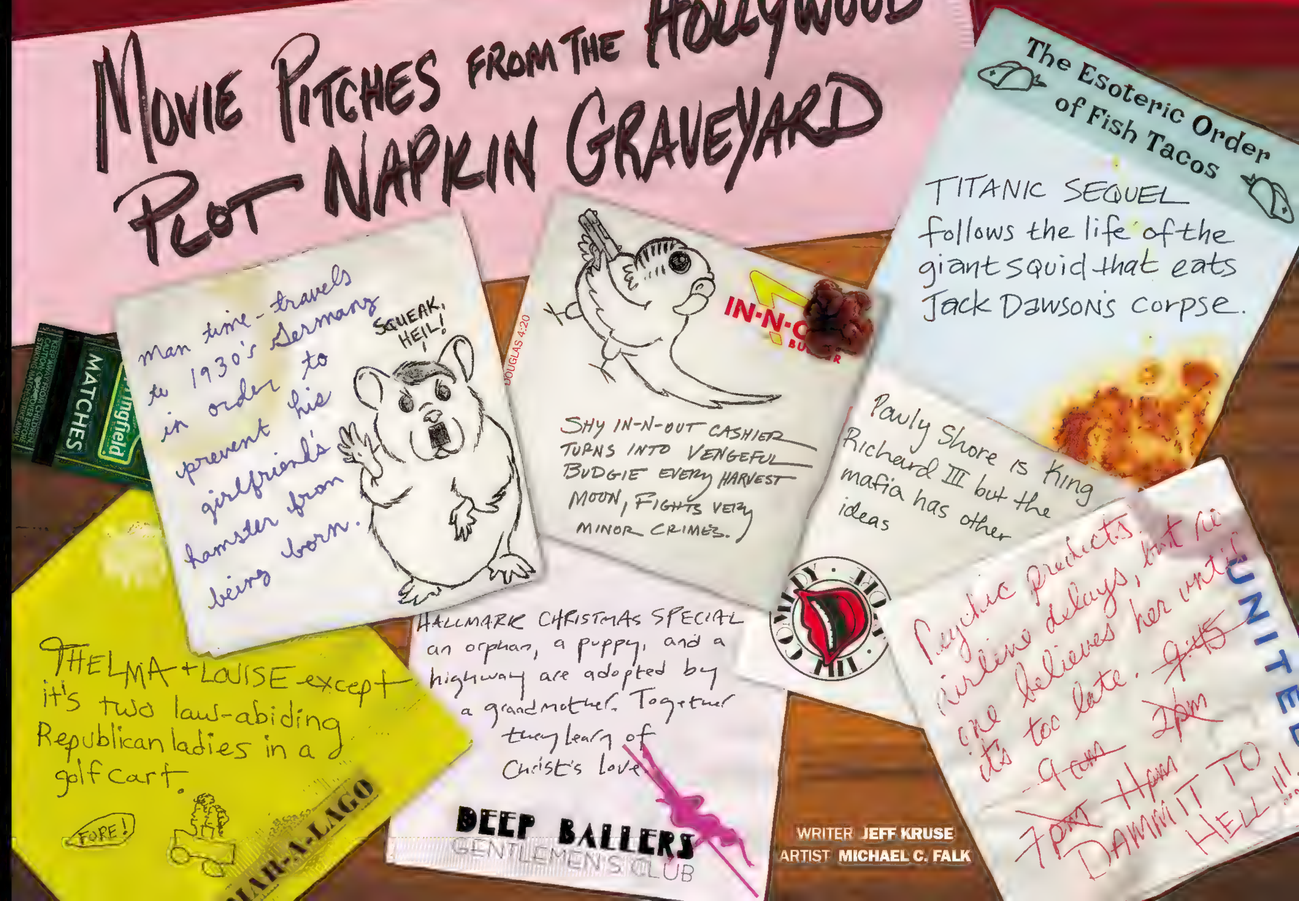
HOME ALONE 2

NATIONAL PARKS

Maria Scrivan

WRITER & ARTIST **MARIA SCRIVAN**

MOVIE PITCHES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD PLOT NAPKIN GRAVEYARD



WRITER **JEFF KRUSE**
ARTIST **MICHAEL C. FALK**

INCOMING

OUT WITH THE NEW (MAN)

I just saw the advertising for the new MAD Magazine, with the new "look" for Alfred E. Neuman. You call that Alfred? You're gonna do away with the missing front tooth?

YECHH!!!

Looks like some wannabe late-night talk show host. And what's with the little side-hip pose? I think

I'M GONNA BARF.

Do yourselves a favor—don't do it.

John Langford, via email

Judge 'n' Jury John—It's been said the new Alfred was just part of a hoax to make readers think we were messing up the new MAD, and that he was always meant to be temporary. Maybe that's true...or maybe we offed him for *you*, John. In any case, you can rest easy knowing that "New Man" Neuman's virile and veneered visage has been vanquished.

—Alex Taffer,
MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer

THE MALLORY GALLERY

Super-cool **JUSTINE BATEMAN** came by the MAD office recently to check out all things Alfred. On her heels were members of the USA Olympic curling team, who shuffled in right after getting the gold to preview our first issue—the only thing more thrilling than winning a medal.

GOOL'S NO FOOL

MeTV horror-movie maestro **Svengoolie** plucked the first issue of MAD from our hands as fast as he plucked that chicken. Word is he devoured one of the two just moments later, but we didn't stick around to find out which.

POO-POOING US

Love the latest issue, but stop the

toilet, poop, and piss jokes.

They don't work.

A Subscriber

Anonymous & Squeamish—We've received a stream of messages like this, and we're making a real push to get this crap out of our magazine. We'll strain to make MAD cleaner until we're flush in the face. It's been upgraded from our #2 to our #1 most important issue, so movement will be swift. —AT

A RESPONSE IS MERITED

I'm a fan of your magazine, and here I am writing a letter to you. I know, right—not an email! Kids do know what paper is! (I'm 13.) Well, I'm in the Boy Scouts (yes, kids are still in Boy Scouts), and for my Communications Merit Badge I have to write to a magazine. So I chose you! Well, MAD is great and you have been around since 1952. I say that you should not change a thing.

Aidan Schultz, Troop 7012, Vallejo, CA

Whatta Trooper—We'll certainly try not to change anything about MAD—aside from all the major changes we just made since you wrote this letter. Here's hoping you still consider us badge-worthy post-relaunch, Aidan! Regardless, congrats on your valiant deed of putting pen to paper, and if there's a Goofing Off Merit Badge, we hope you'll earn it by reading our mag! —AT

ENVELOPE OF THE ISSUE

MAD props to

Jeremy Andrews

of **West Hollywood, CA,** for this fine rendering of Alfred E. Neuman as...a linebacker? He sure looks like he could kick some ass! We approve, Jeremy, but better not show this buffed-up Alfred to John Langford (see first letter).

MAD AT WONDERCON

It's a Wonder we managed to Con our way into hosting a panel at this year's convention in Anaheim (the first MAD panel at WonderCon ever!). Contributors Tom Richmond, Bob Fingerman, Sergio Aragonés, and Luke McGarry joined our staff for an hour of spoofs and song that no doubt changed the lives of all who attended.

THE FAMILY THAT COSPLAYS TOGETHER...

Juli Miller and her daughter Chloe of Valencia, CA, blew us away with their stylish Spy attire and "accessories." They also impressed Sergio Aragonés, who signed their explosives. The Spy ensembles came out so spiffy, we understand they'll also be wearing them on Chloe's wedding day! (The groom will be outfitted in a flame-retardant, bulletproof tux.)

HEY, POST OFFICE, GET BENT!

I've enjoyed reading and subscribing to MAD for a while now. I do have a concern, though: When I get your magazine in the mail, it always ends up folded or bent. Not sure why the mailman does that, but a few issues I've received have been curled up. Would there be a way for you to mail the issues protected somehow?

Donald Deth, Los Angeles, CA

Deth Wisher—Here at MAD, we take issue integrity seriously, so we tracked down your mailman and tailed him. It seems his days involve a lot of rolling up magazines and tossing things—out in the open, even. Disgusting. So come the holiday season, hit him where it counts: his holiday tip. Fold, spindle, and mutilate that thing before handing it to him. He'll get the message. —AT

A MICKEY MOUSE PAD

I have spent my hard-earned money on your magazine for 25 years. I didn't know why, until I accidentally found a use for your publication. For whatever reason, my optical mouse wouldn't work on the glass top of my new desk. But to my amazement, when I placed a copy of MAD on the table...presto! The mouse worked.

Barbara Marble, Hernando, MS

Barbara, Duchess of Marbles—My liege, heaven forbid something as inappropriate as our mag should top your new escritoire. Only an object of the highest quality should rest between its shimmery surface and your *gasp* optical mouse. That's why we suggest swapping out the MAD Magazine for...a MAD mousepad! We're sending one your way—it's the very least we can do. —AT

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADNFESTO

WRITER: TOM REIMANN
ARTIST: BILL MORRISON
COLORIST: NATHAN KANE
ADDITIONAL PHOTOS VIA DREAMSTIME.COM
© MEOWLINA MEOW • SHANNON MATTISON

I wrote this letter 30 years ago. Please help correct this injustice!
—T. Rathbone

April 5, 1987

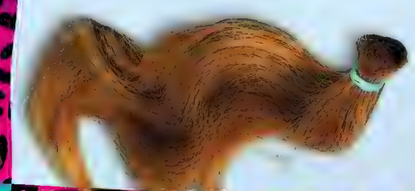
Dear Sock in David Bowie's Pants in **Labyrinth**,

Firstly, allow me to congratulate you on your performance. It must have been thrilling to be involved in a picture as monumental as Jim Henson's **Labyrinth**, and you truly set the bar for future generations of clothing/objects with aspirations of being jammed down the front of David Bowie's pants.

When you first appeared on screen, you took my breath away. You are a veritable chameleon. I couldn't tell if you were a banana, a roll of quarters, or a length of garden hose. It takes a special pedigree of actor to disappear completely into a role, but you dissolved into Bowie's pants like an Alka-Seltzer tablet. It wasn't until days later, whilst perusing an artist spotlight in **Variety**, that I learned it was you all along, you marvelous, knee-length dynamo.

Sure, the supporting cast did their best to shine alongside you. But no star burned as brightly as yours. No actor or puppet in this film dared me to wonder whether they were a flashlight, or perhaps a telescope.

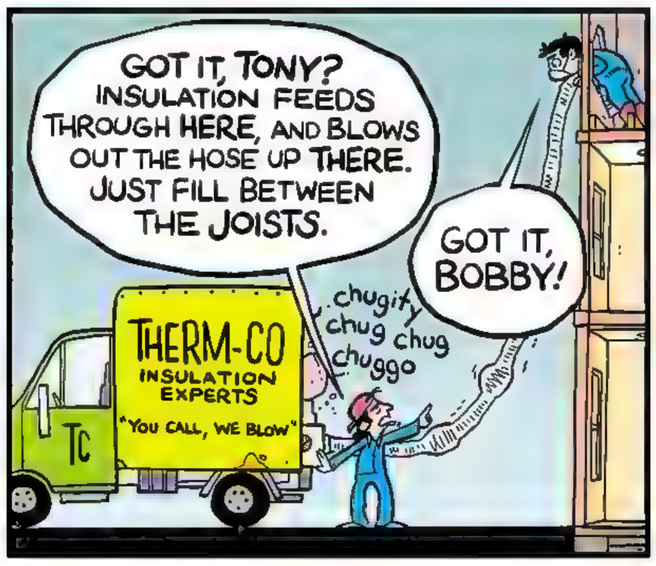
I have made a resolution that I will not rest until the 1987 Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor is stripped from Michael Caine and presented to you. If I sell some possessions and am able to trade off some closing shifts at California Pizza Kitchen, this goal is not only attainable but **within our grasp**. Until we are able to achieve it, please accept the enclosed lock of my hair as a small token of gratitude. You are an inspiration to trouser bulges the world over, and I hope this letter has eased some of the frustration you must feel after enduring such an indignity.

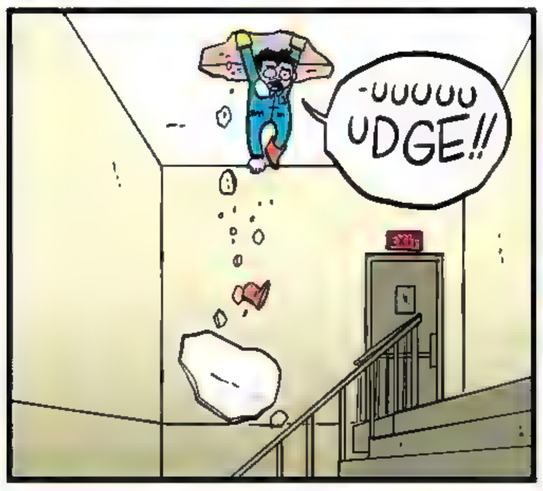


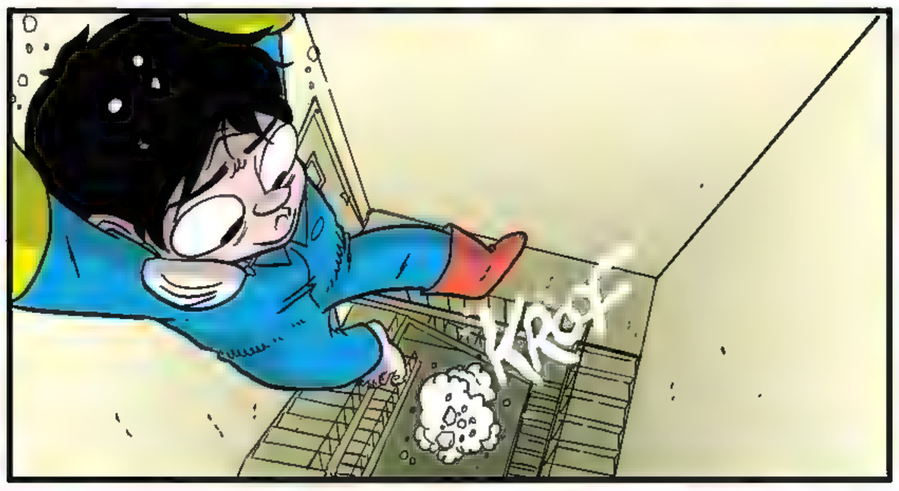
Yours Sincerely and Respectfully,
Teague Rathbone
Teague Rathbone
Mid-Shift Host,
California Pizza Kitchen

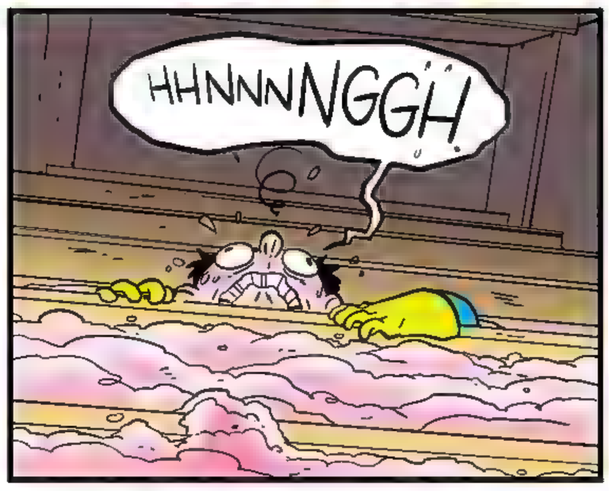
Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! Introducing...

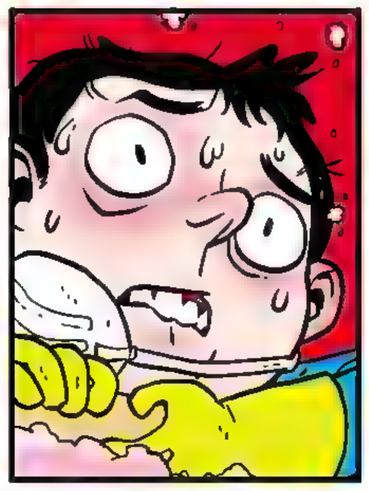
REAL, DUMB

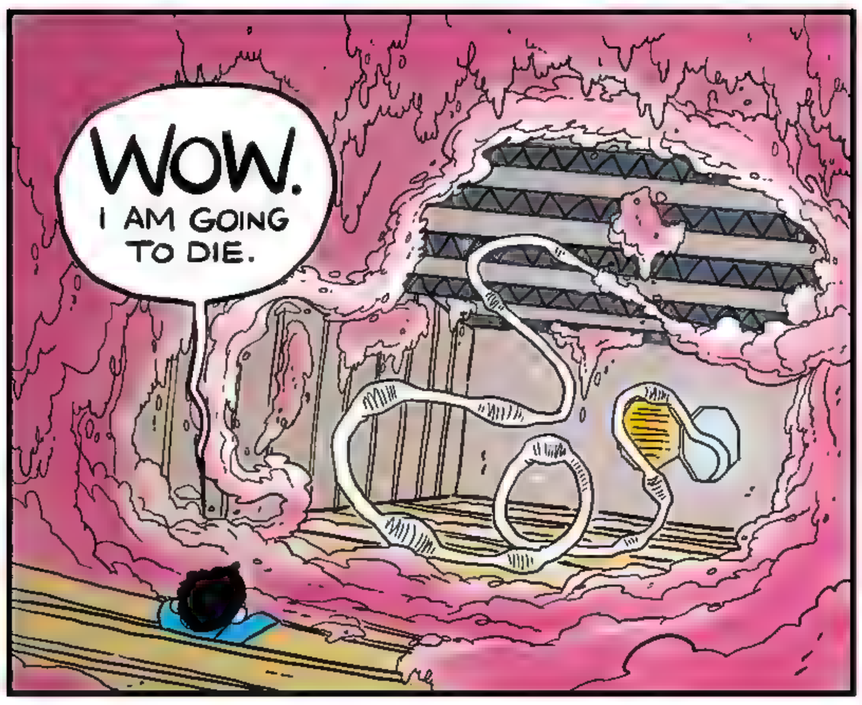












This issue's story submitted by **Tony Colwell**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to realdumb@madmagazine.com may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

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WHAT DO FLORIDA REAL ESTATE INVESTORS THINK WILL GO UP, UP, UP?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Retiring to Florida with its year-round warm weather is the dream of multitudes. But like with everything else, there's a price to pay. To find out what, fold page in as shown.

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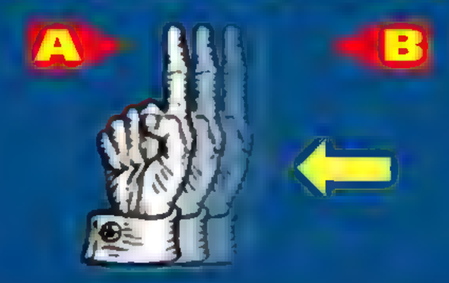

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FOR SALE

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$ 3,000,000,00

3ft.

THE SERENE BEAUTY AND DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE IN FLORIDA LEAD TO HIGH PRICES, BE IT A MANSION OR LOWLY HOVEL.

A

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

B

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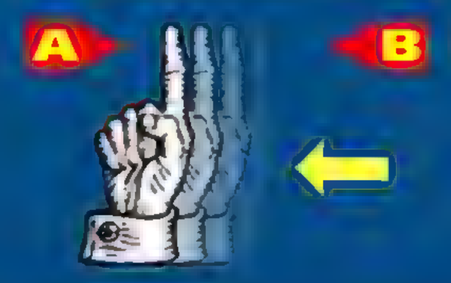

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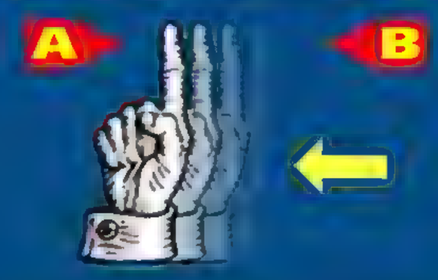

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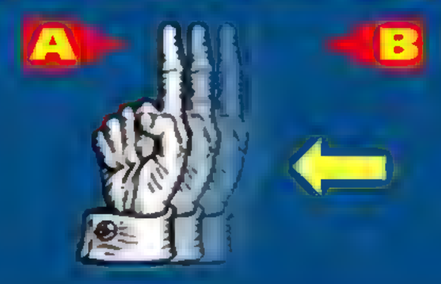

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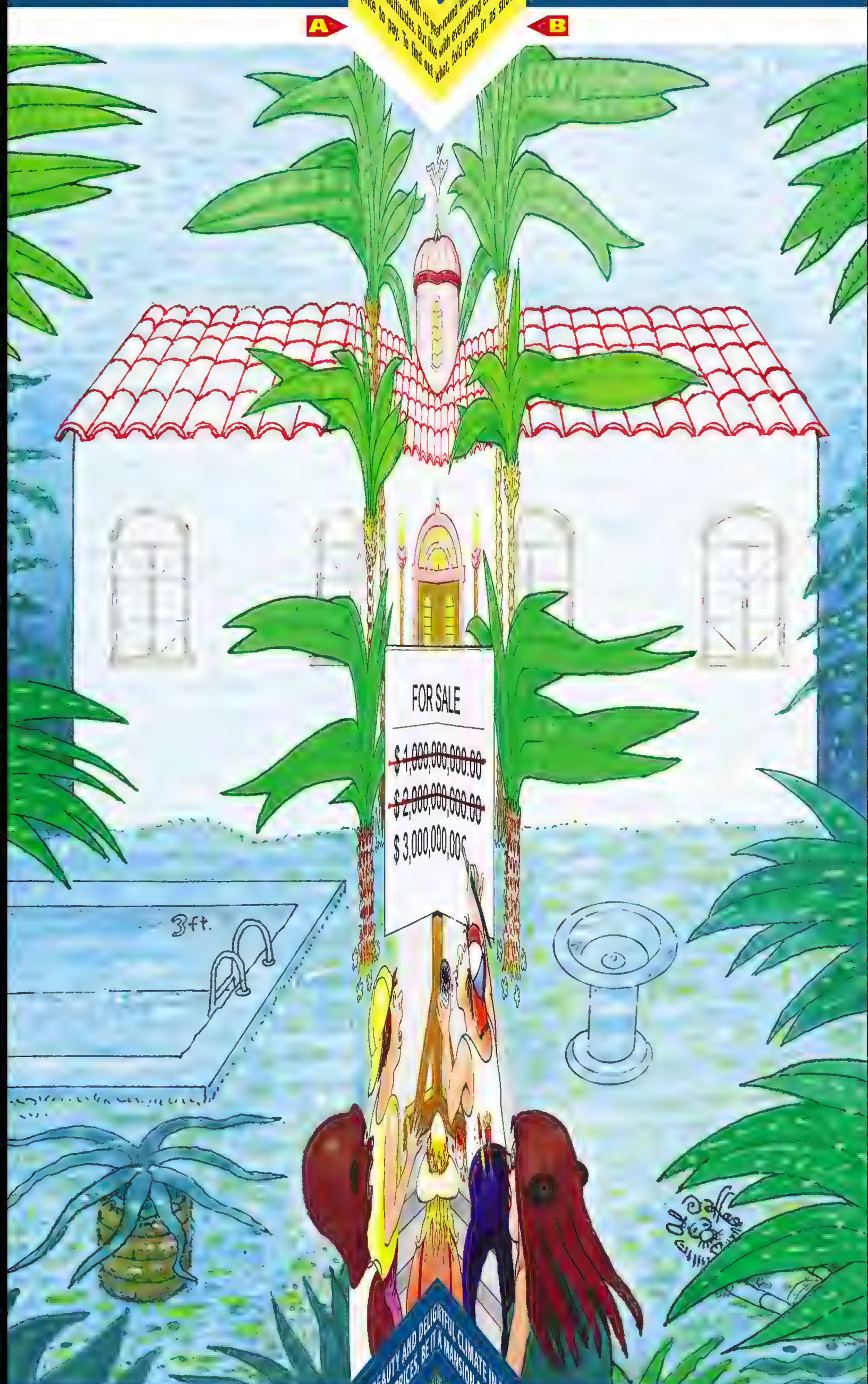

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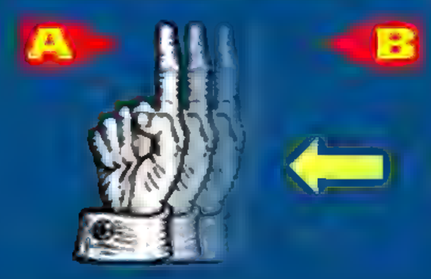


THE SEA LEVEL.

Scientists wanted a giant battery that would AUTO-CHARGE FOREVER!

2½ YEARS IN THE PLANNING... 15 MONTHS IN THE WRITING... 3 DAYS IN THE FILMING!

But instead of a miracle, they created...

THE BEHEMOTH BATTERY THAT WOULD NOT CHARGE!

THEY HAD A POSITIVE FEELING IT COULD BE TAMED. BUT EVERYTHING WAS TURNING OUT NEGATIVE!

CHARGE: 0.000

666

NEVEREADY

Starring

LEONARDO DiCAPACITOR • EMMA WATT-SON • MARK WAHLPLUG • JOHN TRAVOLTAGE • CATHODE KEENER • ION McKELLEN

SCREENPLAY BY THE SAME WRITER WHO LOANED A PENCIL TO GUILLERMO del TORO

PRODUCED BY A MAN WITH THE SAME INITIALS AS SCOTT RUDIN

DIRECTED BY SOMEONE WHO ONCE EMAILED STEVEN SPIELBERG

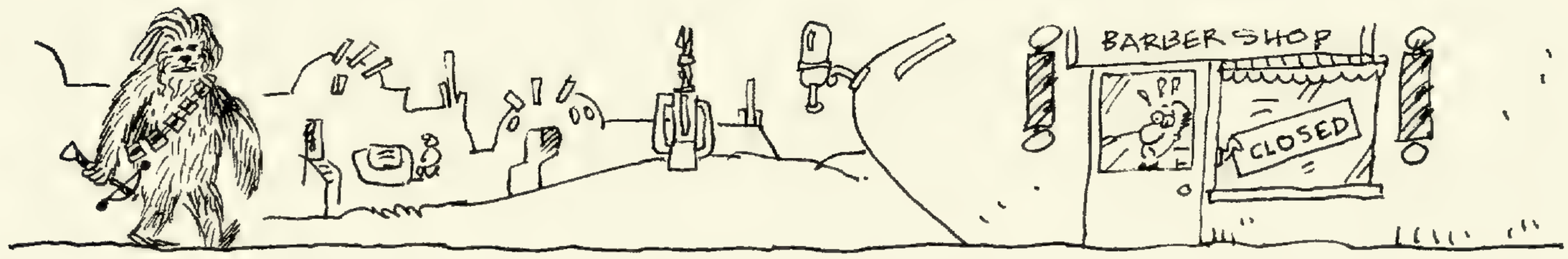
SOUNDTRACK BY AC/DC! Bound to be your CURRENT favorite!

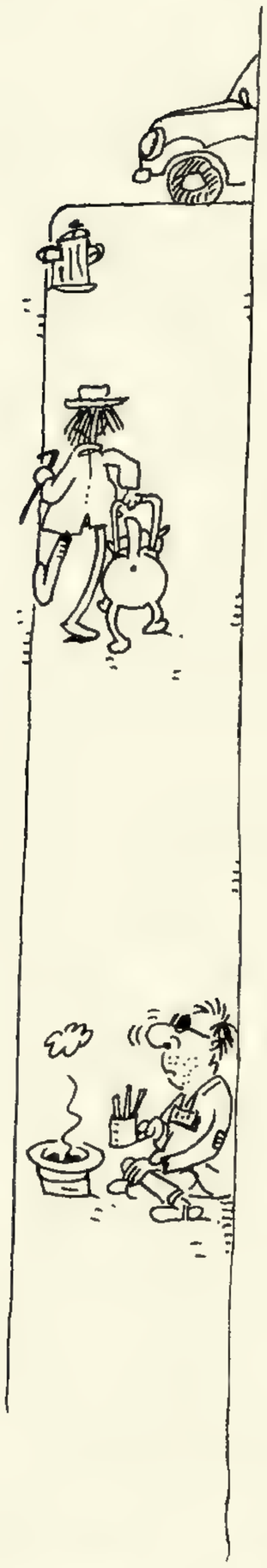
WARNING! All Electronics Must Be Shut Off When Entering the Theater– OR RISK THEIR BATTERIES BECOMING MUTANTS, TOO!

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST SCOTT ANDERSON

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by Sergio Aragonés





HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OUTING OF THE

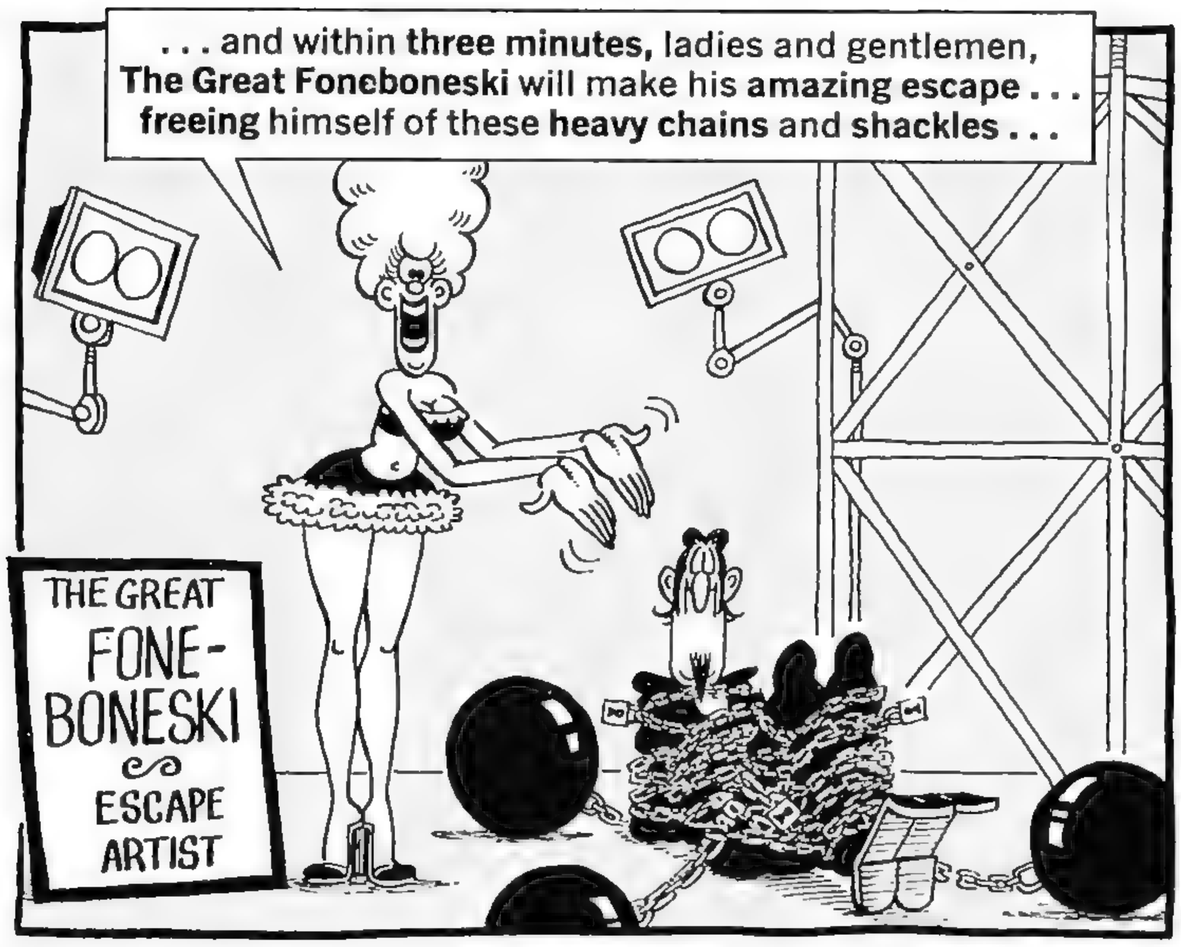
DIGITAL EDITION BONUS MATERIAL!

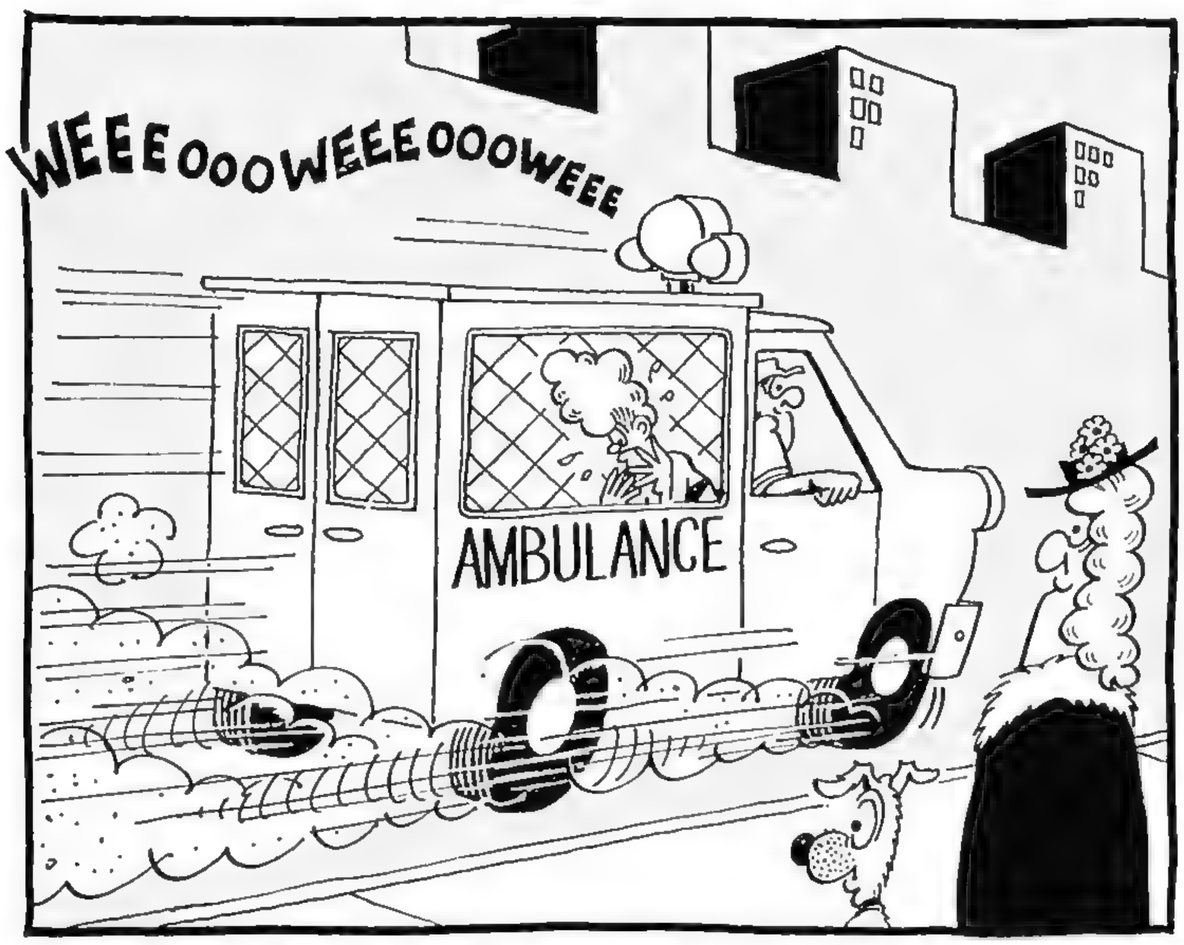
Long before they were freezing themselves in blocks of ice and screaming "MINDFREAK," magicians were wrapping themselves in chains as God intended. No ma'am, illusionists back then wouldn't be caught dead making Lady Liberty disappear or catching bullets in their teeth. They had honest, respectable tricks to perform, like escaping from chains inside a large tank of water, or escaping from chains

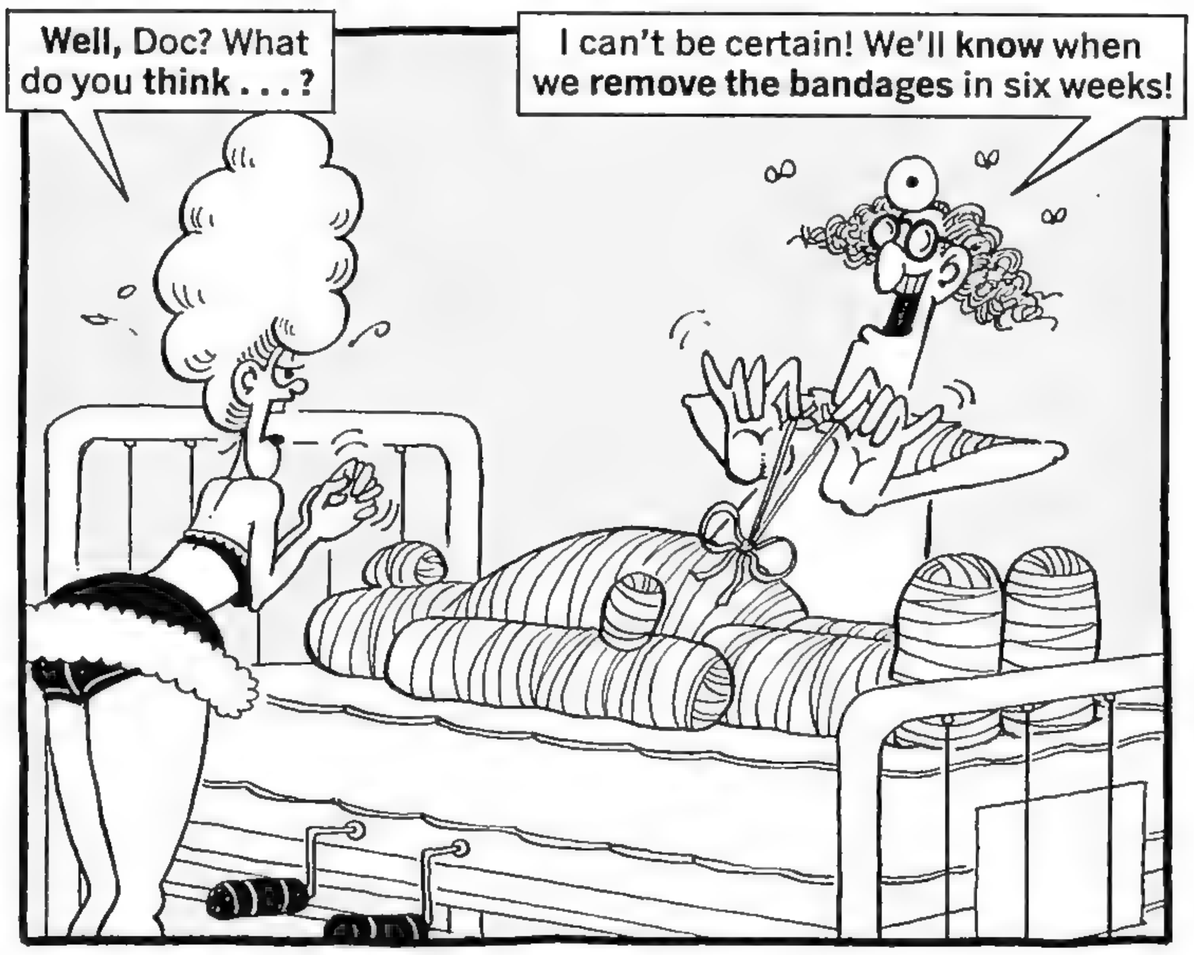
Al Jaffee has been bringing us his Fold-Ins for a long time, and way back in 1978 his keen eye for artifice caught how a couple of rust-buckets in a little-known movie called ***Star Wars*** were homing in on the work of flesh-and-bone actors. With respect to the men inside those robots, we offer this enlightening commentary from an era before CGI and Andy Serkis.

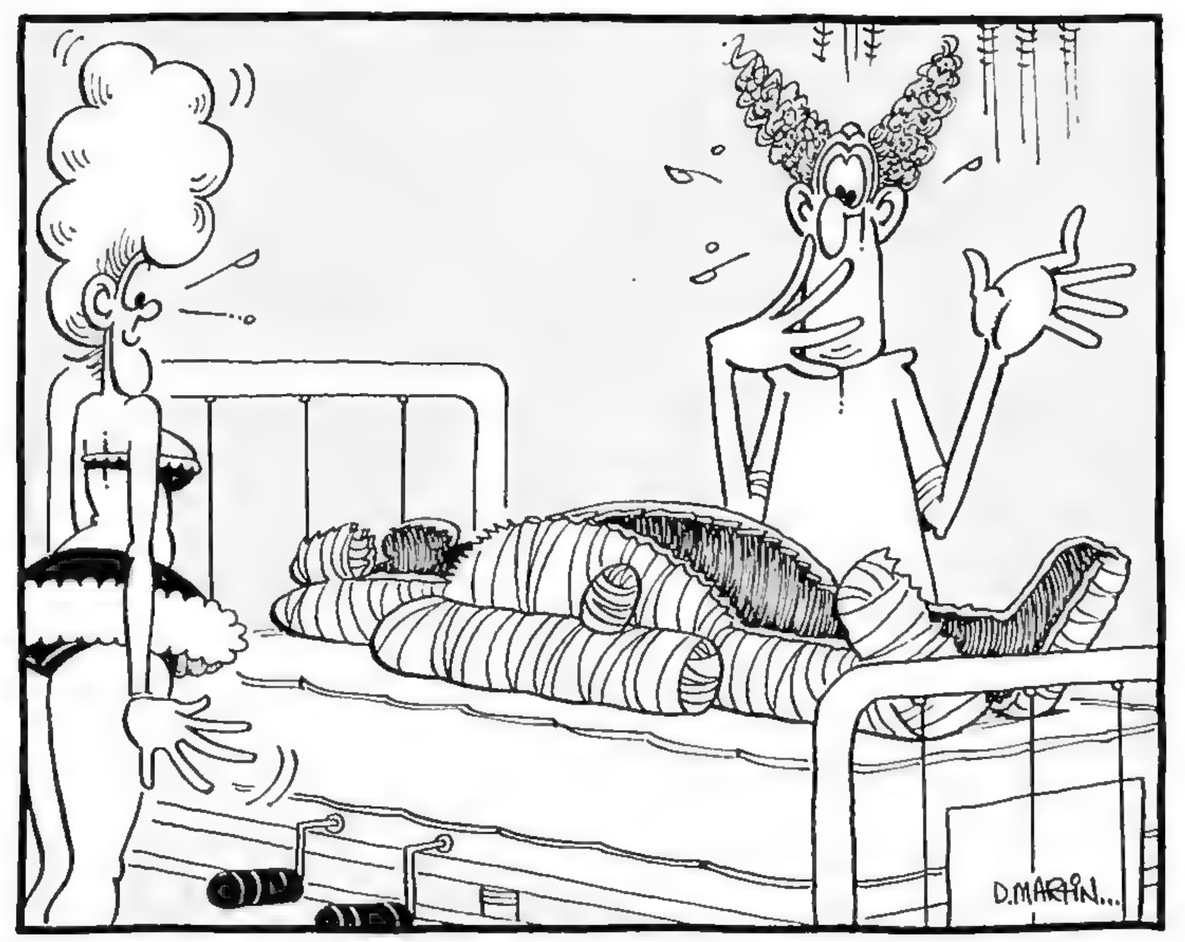
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE EVENING IN A HOLLYWOOD TV STUDIO









WHERE ARE SOME VERY SUCCESSFUL ACTORS COMING FROM LATELY?

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Actors come from a variety of places, such as neighborhood theaters, summer stock, local TV, repertory companies, etc. But lately, actors are coming from a really unique place. To find out what that place is, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ROYAL CROWN THEATER

Jaffee

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THESPIANS TODAY ARE PLAYING EVERYTHING...FROM MACBETH TO LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE. WHEN SPOTLIGHTS SHINE SHOW FOLKS WORK TIRELESSLY UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP

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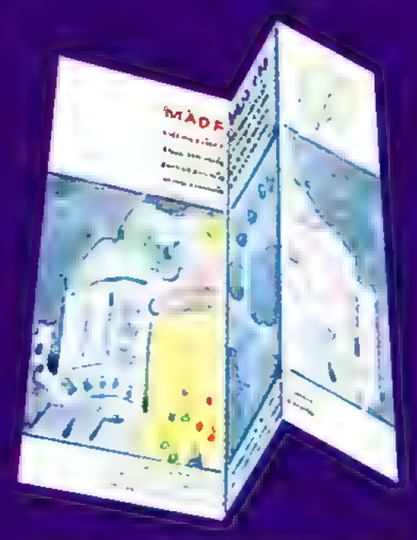

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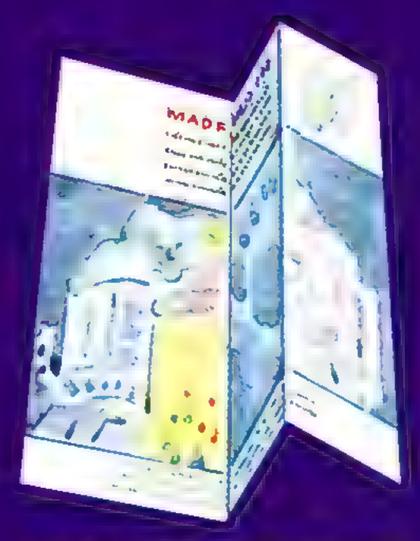

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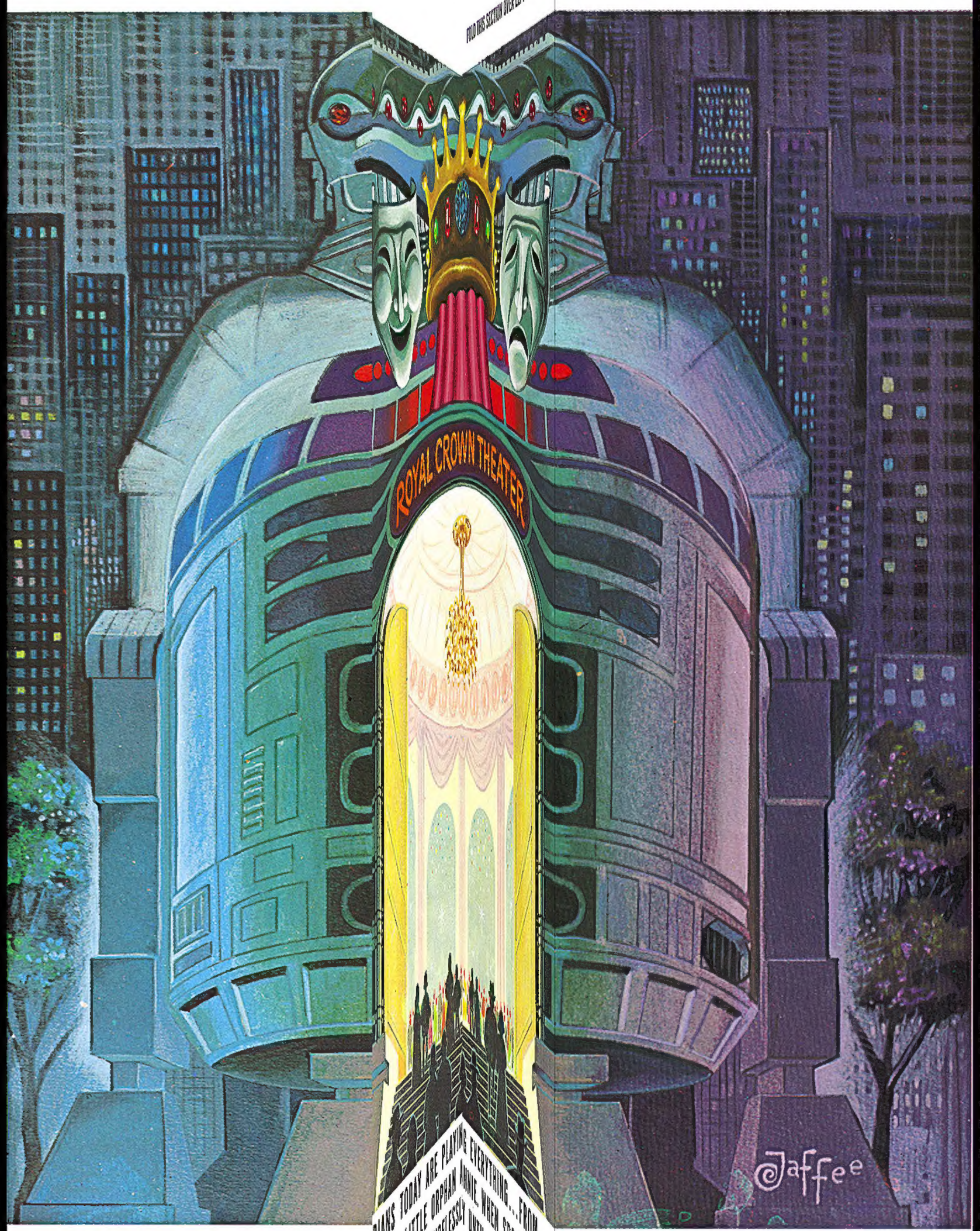

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AL JAFFEE

THE MACHINE SHOP

A⋈B

MAD

SON OF ULTRON